★ Feb. 6, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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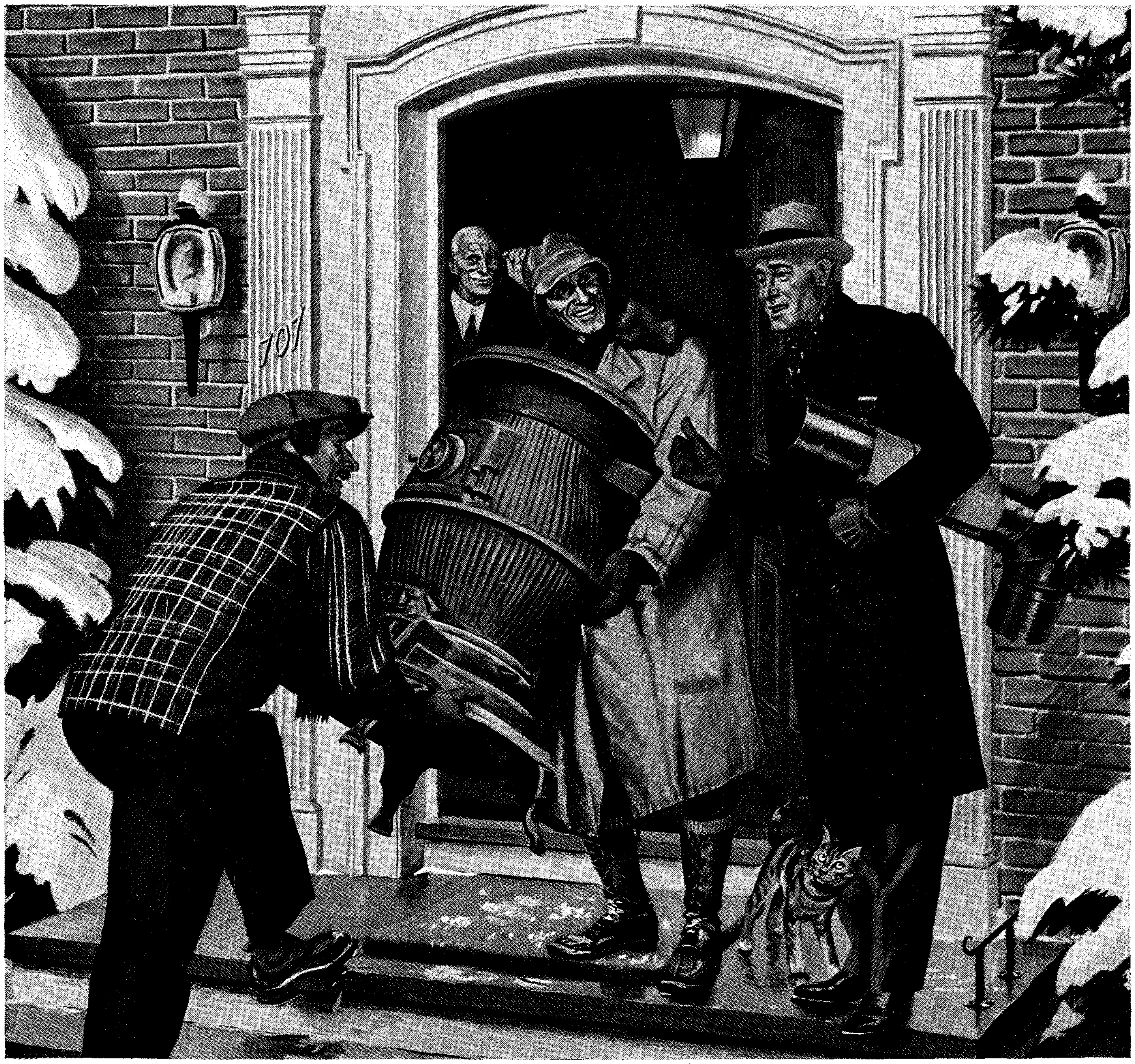

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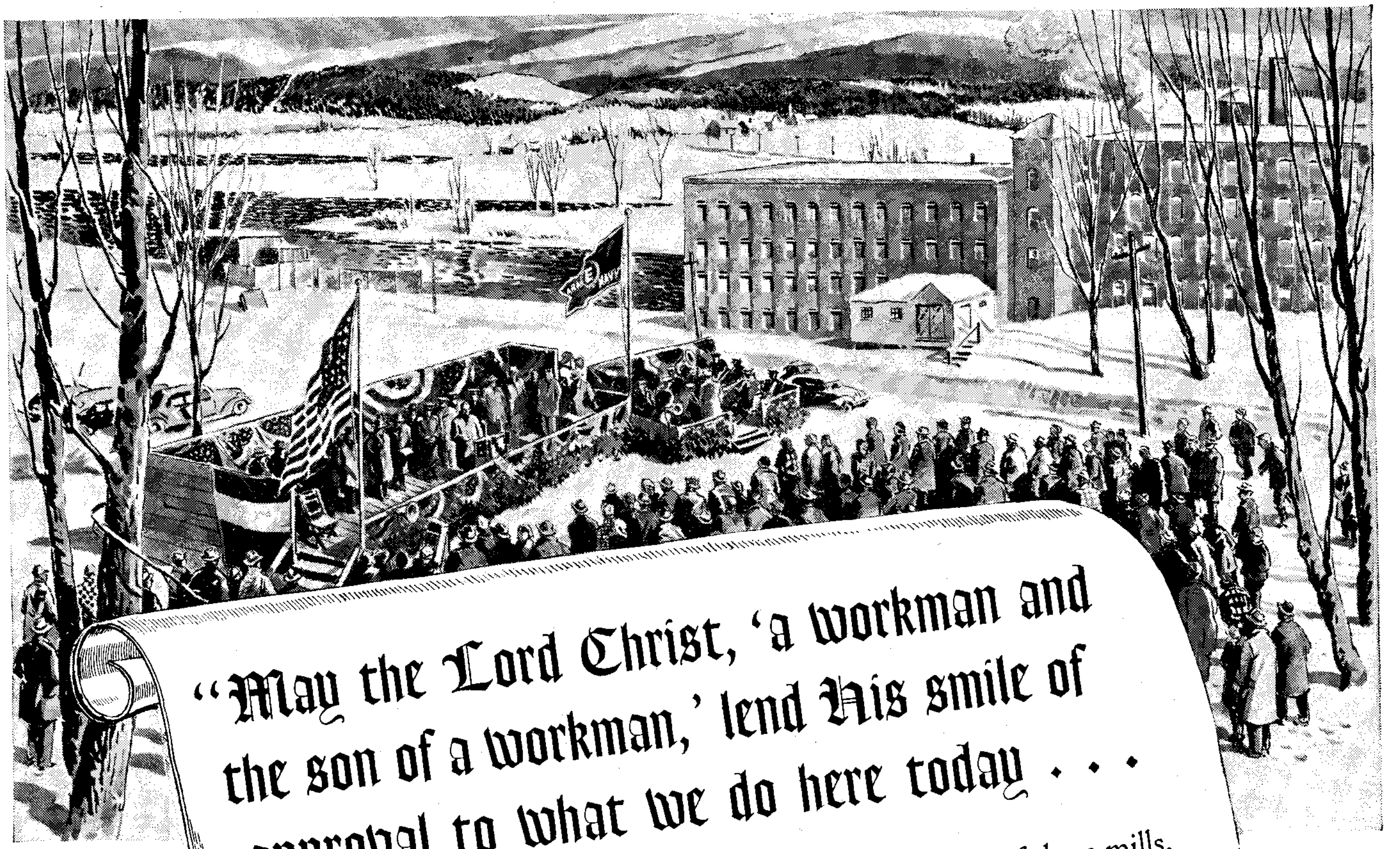

The awarding of the "E" Flag of the United States Army and Navy at a typical war plant in a small New England town. The plant for many years has been a pioneer in producing material for airplanes. The invocation at this ceremony was by the Most Reverend John B. Peterson, D. D., Bishop of Manchester.

"May the Lord Christ, 'a workman and the son of a workman,' lend His smile of approval to what we do here today . . .

"Our nation honors the working men and women of these mills, and of this town called Suncook — honors them for their complete cooperation in its purpose to keep men free. Freedom, O God, is Thy precious gift to men — a gift that can be and is used for Thy glory by those who in justice and charity live their love for their fellow men; and for Thee.

"The spindles and looms of these mills sing of that love as they spin and weave the pinions that bear freedom's defenders on their mission of love, loyalty and liberty. That love and that loyalty spring from the hearts of the liberty-lovers who toil in these mills. We honor them for their toil. We honor their mills and their town, the active scene of their labors. We honor their State and their Nation which are strengthened by their industry and their homes. We honor each one of them for what he or she has done and has given that freedom may still be ours and our children's. In honoring and thanking them, we of this Nation thank Thee, our loving God, author of Liberty, whom by their toil and generous loyalty they honor — Through Christ our Lord, AMEN."

The Boston and Maine Railroad is pleased to give wide distribution to this prayer, because it believes that what Bishop Peterson said before the 700 workers gathered at this particular ceremony applies to all our peoples throughout the country united in our common cause. All jobs when dedicated to victory are of equal importance. The "spindles and looms" of our Nation's mills, the riveting machines in our shipyards, the great machines in our tooling factories, the roaring wheels of a fast freight train all sing of that love of freedom for which we all fight.

BOSTON and MAINE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular mid-week-matinée schedule will be somewhat revised because of Lincoln's Birthday. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 10, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 10, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's superior comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Counselor-at-Law—A revival of Elmer Rice's play concerning a shyster lawyer who has a heart of gold. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. Paul Muni again heads the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 10, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova in their own comedy about a Russian invasion of Long Island. Jed Harris is the director and the authors are supported by Minnie Dupree, Anne Burr, and Oscar Polk, among others. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—A farce about present-day Washington that seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 10, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Thurs., Feb. 4, and Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney still play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast including Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, Cecil Humphreys, and Madge Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Pirate—S. N. Behrman provides a field day for the Lunts in this well-got-up costume piece, which has, however, its leisurely moments. The cast also includes Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy about a New Jersey family who survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, and many other fine players in a revival of Chekhov's study in frustration. Guthrie McClintic is the director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Without Love—Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent in Philip Barry's comedy about a marriage of convenience. This Theatre Guild play has its naïve political undertones but is otherwise bright enough. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., Feb. 9, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund. Closes Sat., Feb. 13.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Barber Had Two Sons—Blanche Yurka in a melodrama by James Hogan and Thomas Duggan. Produced by Jess Smith. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Counterattack—Barbara O'Neil, Morris Carnovsky, and Martin Wolfson in a melodrama, based on a Soviet play, by Janet and Philip Stevenson. Staged by Margaret Webster and produced by Lee Sabinson. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

New Faces of 1943—Leonard Sillman's latest arrangement of new talent. Appealing but fairly amateur. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
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Show Time—George Jessel, Jack Haley, and Ella Logan. Just another vaudeville show, but this time well worth your money. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured comedy, which also contains Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except Feb. 11, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri.. Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Ask My Friend Sandy—Roland Young in a comedy by Stanley Young. Staged and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Thurs., Feb. 4. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

For Your Pleasure—A varied program of dances and music, featuring Veloz and Yolanda, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Vicente Gomez. Opens Fri., Feb. 5. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

The Moon Vine—Haila Stoddard, Vera Allen, and Will Geer in a comedy by Patricia Coleman. Staged by John Cromwell and produced by Jack Kirkland. Opens Tues., Feb. 9. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 10, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

Dance Recital—Doris Humphrey with her company and José Limon in an all-Bach program: Sun., Feb. 7, and, as a benefit for British War Relief, Fri., Feb. 12, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Children's Entertainment—The Dramatic Workshop presenting Percival Wilde's "Kings in Nomania," Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 4-5, at 4 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., Feb. 6-7, at 3 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-6221.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin heads the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mainly swing, with Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Sophie Tucker and some others in a fairly fancy version of a tropical setting. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular spot among people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Peggy Wood sings and Sonny Kendis's orchestra supplies the dance music in this decorative spot.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Stanley Melba's orchestra is there, as well as a small show. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Carol Bruce and John Hoysradt are reason enough for going to the

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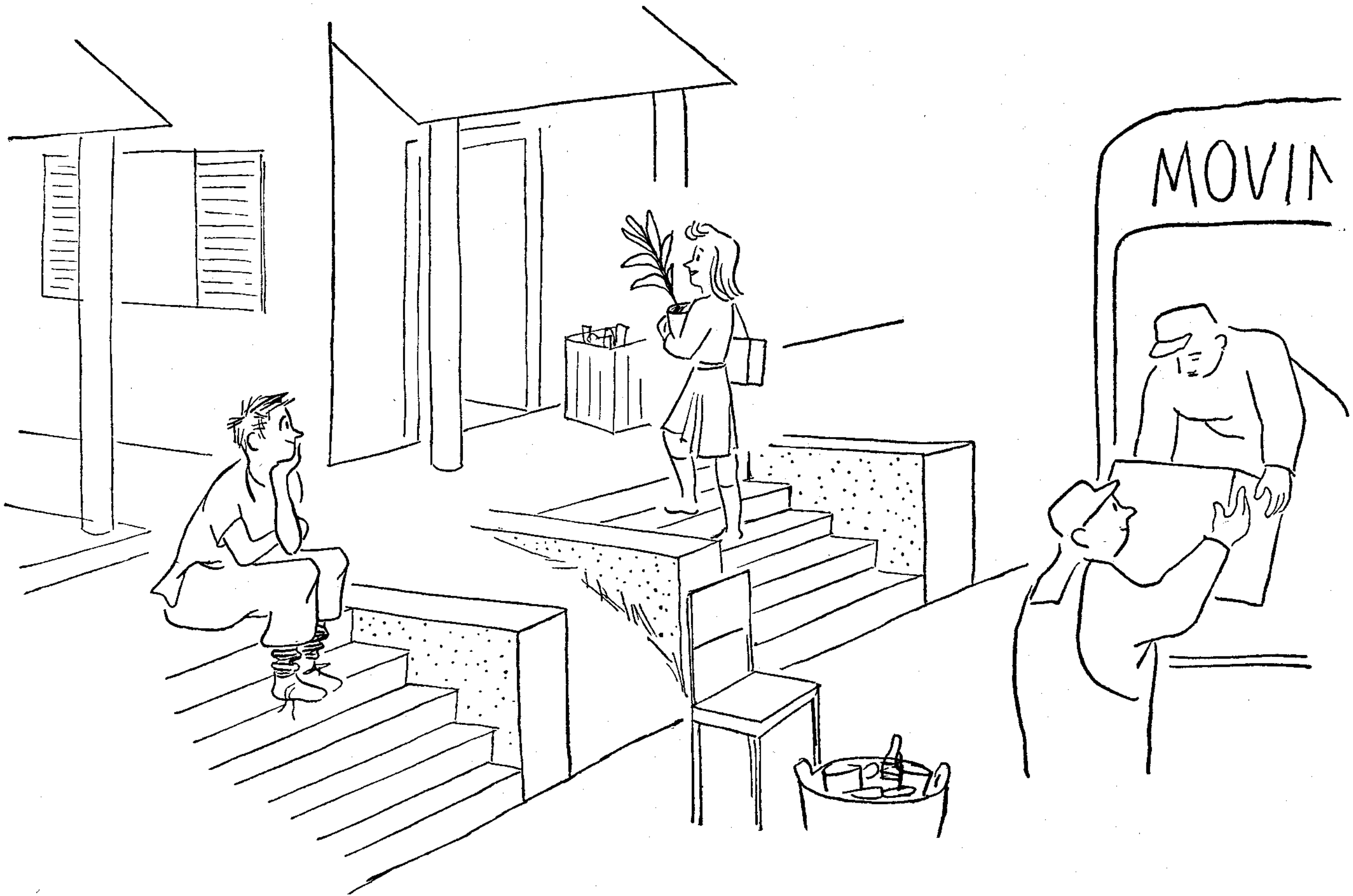
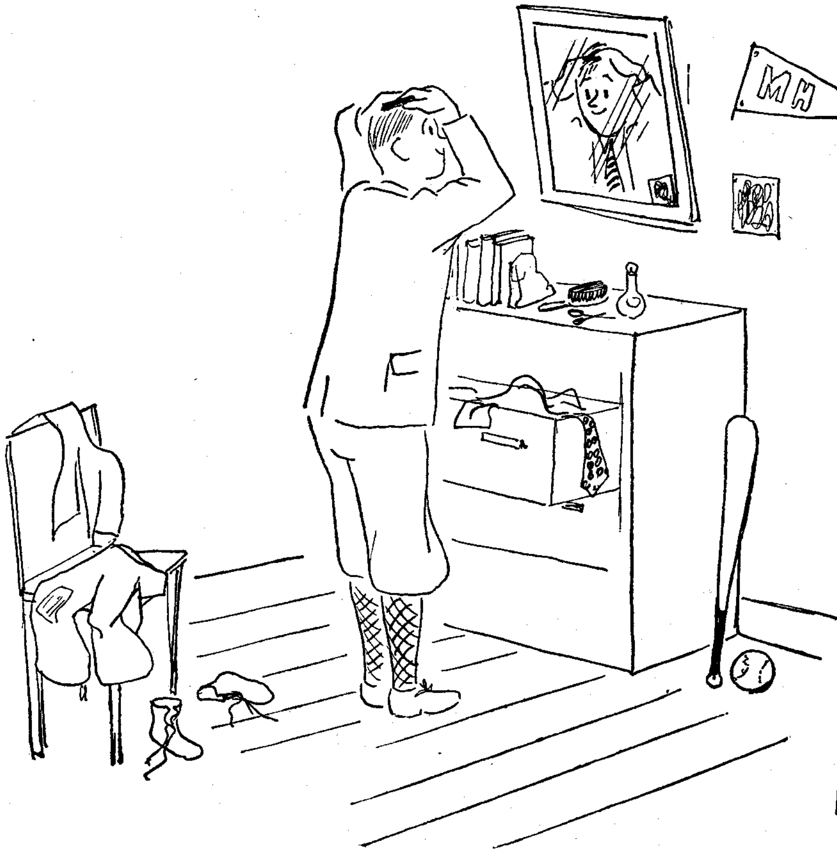
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!

- Advertisers put more advertising—and more advertising dollars—into the current Journal than into any February issue for twelve years! . . . revenue-wise, it's 23% ahead of February, 1942.

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra is there too. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room.... You'll find Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where there's a good deal of emphasis on Viennese waltzes.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Roy Ross's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are dancing in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra is there all evening, spelled, during the late shift, by Mischa Borr's.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and a number of others.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and Fred Keating is around as well. ... **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Libby Holman and a small show.... **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the cozy log fire should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large place over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine; Emil Coleman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots, with Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra. ... **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although Algerians might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show; tea dancing Sat.... **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show that includes Jane Pickens.... **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): Russell Patterson decorations and a show headed by Mitzi Green; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band.... **MON PAREE,** 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): big, stylish murals, a medium-sized show, and a fairly small dance floor; Bill Glass's orchestra and a rumba band.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras.... **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra will be replaced on Mon., Feb. 8, by Jimmy Dorsey's.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, comfortable place, with Ron Perry's orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs.... **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

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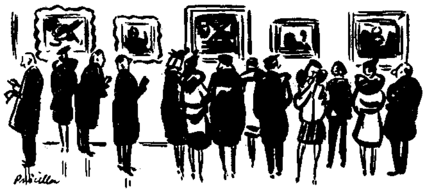
Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy.... **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal, at least.... **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a show headed by Diosa Costello, with Jack Harris's orchestra and a rumba band—all in a tropical setting.... **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.... **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor of Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Ammons and Johnson and Georgie James's orchestra are there, and so are the Revuers, with their songs and their foolishness.... **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell, is playing in this downtown landmark. ... **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's Coleman Hawkins and, through Sun., Feb. 7, Billie Holiday.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873).... Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444).... Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 4-4646).



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ART

Abstract—Eleven paintings, from Kandinsky to Mondrian, in a miniature survey of European abstract schools: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 20.

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—Paintings, sculptures, architectural drawings, and other works by members of the Academy and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—Thirty-one ladies, led by Gypsy Rose Lee, show the men what surrealism is really about. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6.

Art Students' League—Big retrospective, celebrating the League's fiftieth birthday and including paintings from Eakins' day to the present, opens Sun., Feb. 7: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Daniel Collection—A selection of pastels and water colors assembled by Charles Daniel, including early works by many now-famous Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6.

Davis—Our leading abstractionist has his first one-man show here in about nine years: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

Dyer—American street scenes and other subjects, shown for the first time in New York: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 5.

Feininger—Two shows—one of his recent paintings and water colors, the other concentrating on his lighter productions: Buchholz and Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 13.

France—An unusual collection of paintings of scenes along the Seine, loaned for the benefit of L'Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

Groups—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: Feininger, Nordfeldt, Mommer, Drewes, and others show new oils. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 27.... **SCHNEIDER-GABRIEL,** 69 E. 57: works by Corot, Courbet, Delacroix, and other French artists of the nineteenth century. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 15.... **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints in the first exhibition by a new group called American Modern Artists. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 27.... **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: lithographs and drawings by Sally Mewhinney, Etienne, and Eilshemius. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6.... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: water colors by contemporary Americans. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27.

Hartley—Forceful, authoritative paintings of Maine: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 13.

Heuston—Water colors of ships and ports by an ensign of the merchant marine: Eggleston, 161 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6.

Leonide—A retrospective show by one of the leading French Neo-Romantics: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 13.

Manievich—A memorial exhibition of this artist's work: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 20.

Marin—Recent oils and water colors, with a number of particularly fine sea pieces among them: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Feb. 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The big "Artists for Victory" exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints, offering what's probably the most comprehensive coverage of contemporary American art ever attempted (through Feb. 22); also, a loan exhibit of paintings by present-day Chinese artists, and examples of East Indian decorative arts dating back to the sixteenth century (through March 14). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Milena—A prolific craftsman whose style is reminiscent of the old Italian masters shows portraits and compositions for the benefit of the United Yugoslav Relief Fund: 11 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Portraits—Eight oils by Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and others: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 20.

Rood—New sculptures in wood: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 17.

Seamen—Paintings and other examples of sailorly art by members of the merchant marine: Hall of Art, 24 W. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Shinn—Paintings by one of the original members of The Eight: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Big memorial exhibition of sculptures by Gertrude V. Whitney, founder of the Museum. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Here and There—At the **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Yovan Radenkovitch exhibits some colorful paintings. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6. ... **ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: simplified yet forceful sculptured figures by Seymour Lipton. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 6.... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: sculptures and drawings by Winifred Lansing. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Feb. 5.... **ARTISTS',** 43 W. 55: Virginia landscapes by Frances Ferry. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Feb. 8.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: three-dimensional paper caricatures by Jack Eisner. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 13.... **ANDRE SELIGMANN,** 15 E. 57: recent paintings by Maxim Kopf. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 20.... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: new paintings and drawings by Saul Schary. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 27.... **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: color aquatints by Rouault. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 27.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 57: new paintings by Pablo O'Higgins. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Note—Paintings and sculptures by Alexander Archipenko, Mané Katz, Georgia O'Keeffe, Max Ernst, and many other contemporary artists will be auctioned off for Russian War Relief at the Hall of Art, 24 W. 40, on Sun., Feb. 7, at 2 P.M.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Walter conducting: Thurs., Feb. 4, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 6, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Feb. 7, at 3 P.M. Barbirolli conducting: Thurs., Feb. 11, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 13, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Estrella, Feb. 7; Schuster, Feb. 13.)... Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat., Feb. 13, at 11 A.M.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat., Feb. 13, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Feb. 14, at 8:45 P.M. (soloists, Marcelle Denya and Jennie Tourel).... Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Thurs., Feb. 11, at 8:30 P.M.

Juilliard School of Music—The orchestra of the Graduate School, Stoessel conducting (soloists, Josephine Antoine, Muriel Kerr, Carroll Glenn, and Felix Salmond); a benefit for the United Hospitals Fund: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Feb. 5, at 8:30 P.M.

League of Composers—John Cage conducting a dozen musicians in a percussion concert involving flowerpots, automobile brake drums, and tin cans, as well as more conventional instruments: Museum of Modern Art, Sun., Feb. 7, at 8:45 P.M. (11 W. 53. For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.)

Museum Concert—Second program of the annual symphonic series, Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art (RH 4-7690), Fri., Feb. 12, at 3 P.M.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Nathan Milstein, Sun., Feb. 7, at 8:30 P.M.

Town Hall—Alexander Brailowsky, Fri., Feb. 5, at 8:30 P.M.; Guiomar Novaes, Sat., Feb. 6, at 3 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Roth Quartet and Dusalina Giannini), Sun., Feb. 7, at 5:30 P.M.; Samuel Dushkin, Mon., Feb. 8, at 8:30 P.M.; Jan Peerce, Wed., Feb. 10, at 8:30 P.M.; Fredell Lack, Fri., Feb. 12, at 8:30 P.M.; Ellen Ballon, Sat., Feb. 13, at 3 P.M.

Elsewhere—At the **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM:** Kurt Baum, Sun., Feb. 7, at 9 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)... **MCMILLIN THEATRE:** Lotte Lehmann, Sat., Feb. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 4; "Il Trovatore," Fri. Eve., Feb. 5; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Feb. 6; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Feb. 6; "La Traviata," Mon. Eve., Feb. 8; "Das Rheingold," Tues. Eve., Feb. 9; "Tannhäuser," Wed. Eve., Feb. 10; "La Forza

He's coming home
on
a furlough

Probably the happiest moment in his life —coming home to his family—his own room—perhaps his dog—and to all of his cherished personal possessions. He has dreamed about this home-coming for months, and now everything looks just as he hoped it would. It is comfortable and inviting. His mother always managed to add the touches that gave the place that indescribable atmosphere of home. A few flowers carefully arranged, and, on an accessible corner of the table, ice-cold Coca-Cola saying welcome in its own refreshing way.

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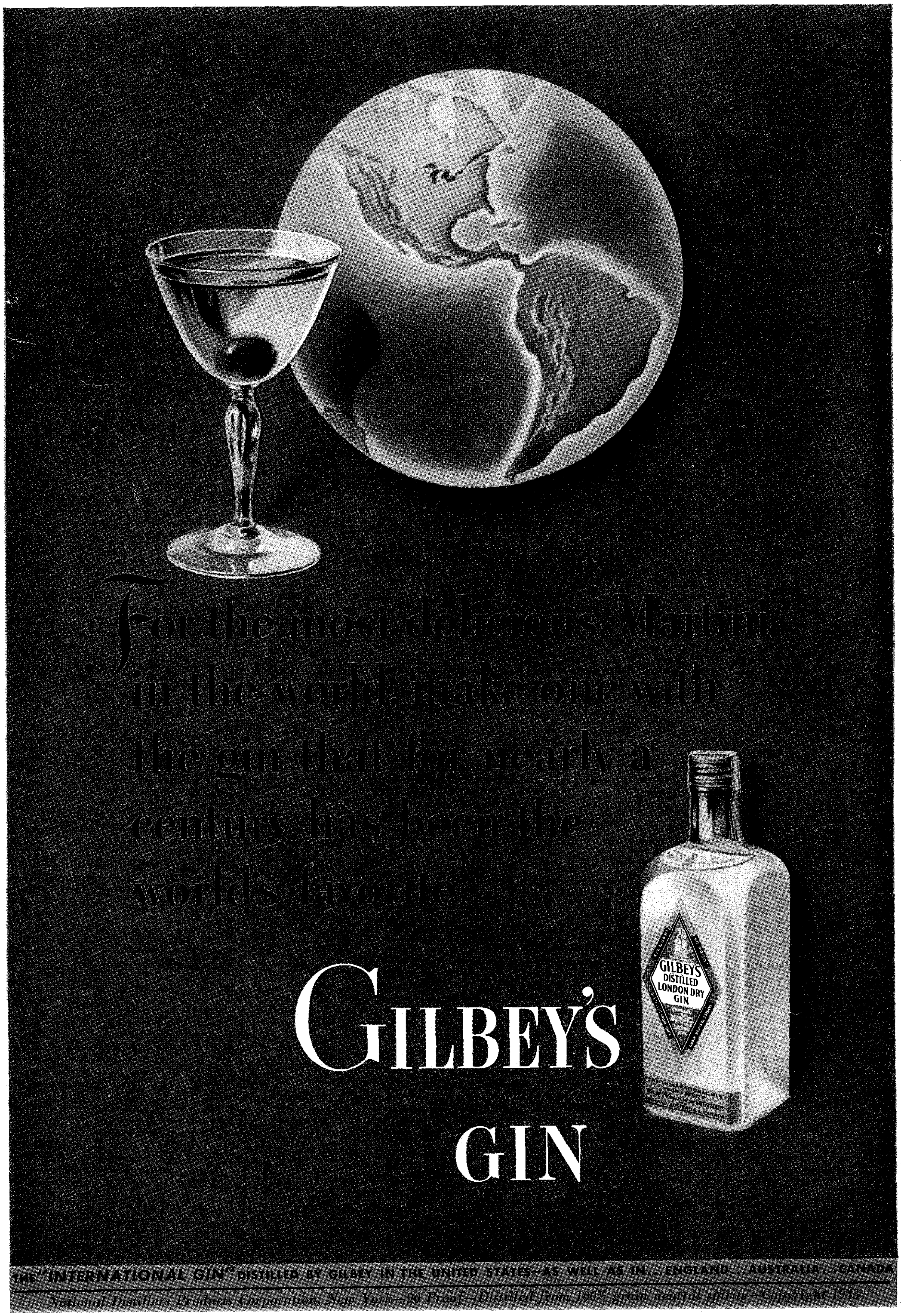

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

del Destino," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 11; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri. Eve., Feb. 12; "Boris Godunoff," Sat. Aft., Feb. 13; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Feb. 13. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except Feb. 10, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Fri., Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat., Feb. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Mecca Theatre, 135 W. 55. CO 5-8838.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden: L.I.U. vs. Duquesne, and St. John's vs. St. Joseph's, Mon., Feb. 8; N.Y.U. vs. Notre Dame, and Manhattan vs. St. Francis, Sat., Feb. 13; at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Beau Jack vs. Fritzie Zivic, 10 rounds, catchweight bout, Fri., Feb. 5; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main bout at 10.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional game: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Feb. 4, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur-series games: Sun., Feb. 7, at 1:30 and 7:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: Millrose Games, a benefit for the United Seamen's Service, Sat., Feb. 6, at 8 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

DOG SHOW—The Westminster Kennel Club's sixty-seventh annual event, this year a benefit for Dogs for Defense: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 11-12, from 9 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. (On Feb. 12, at about 9 P.M., there will be a demonstration of the work accomplished by Dogs for Defense.)

ARCHITECTURE—A comprehensive exhibition of models, photographs, drawings, maps, and plans, arranged by Philip L. Goodwin and G. E. Kidder Smith, showing the architectural development of Brazil: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

PLANETARIUM—"Our Planetary Neighbors" will be the subject of this month's lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri., Feb. 5 and 12, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Feb. 6, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Sun., Feb. 7, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sun., Feb. 7, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Tristan und Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Kerstin Thorborg, and Lauritz Melchior, Sat., Feb. 6; "Boris Godunoff," with Kerstin Thorborg, René Maison, and Alexander Kipnis, Sat., Feb. 13; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Fritzie Zivic, Fri., Feb. 5, at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8:30 P.M., WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—**PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, English, American, and Continental silver, and decorative objects, belonging to Richard W. Condon, Davis Brown, and others; also, antique silk brocades, damasks, and embroideries, from the collection of the late Herman A. Elsberg: Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 4-5, at 2 P.M. . . . English and French furniture, Georgian silver, and Gothic and Renaissance objects of art, belonging to Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, the late Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Saxham Drury, and others: Sat., Feb. 6, at 2 P.M. . . . Sixteenth- to eighteenth-century arms and armor, Gothic and Renaissance sculptures, and tapestries, owned by Frank G. Schnittjer: Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 10-11, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, 579 5 Ave., at 47—English and French eighteenth-century furniture, Georgian silver, English and Continental porcelains, and Flemish and Brussels tapestries, owned by Mrs. Olivia Devereaux, Mrs. Joseph Joffe, and the late A. C. Morse: Fri. and Sat., Feb. 5-6, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

AIR FORCE—Across the Pacific in a B-17. The cast, which is not important, includes John Garfield and Harry Carey. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4,
THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

CASABLANCA—There was apparently some excitement in the town even before the A.E.F. and Mr. Roosevelt had ever seen the place. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains are surrounded by spies of all nationalities. (Strand, B'way at 47; from Fri., Feb. 5.)

GENTLEMAN JIM—Errol Flynn plays the part of James J. Corbett, and looks like him too. Alan Hale, Alexis Smith, and William Frawley are in the supporting cast. Fine for fight fans. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 5-8. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., Feb. 10-12.)

I MARRIED A WITCH—About a man who married a witch. Fredric March and Veronica Lake. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Feb. 6. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 5-8. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Fri., Feb. 9-12.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT—A British patrol lost in the Libyan Desert, with psychological overtones. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Noel Coward has done well as the biographer of a British destroyer. He is in the cast, too. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30—Monty Woolley as an old actor who has taken to the bottle. Also with Ida Lupino. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Feb. 10.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—One of Orson Welles' stylistic and stylish jobs, based on Booth Tarkington's novel. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, and Tim Holt. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Feb. 4.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—The movie from the play from the stories about the hazards of Greenwich Village life. With Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 6-9.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—A peaceful family is almost disrupted by one mysterious uncle. Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—A grand, big musical show in itself and, incidentally, a bit of the history of the late George M. Cohan, who is impersonated ably by James Cagney. With Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Feb. 4.)

REVIVALS

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 9-10.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Feb. 5.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 6-8.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 10-11.)

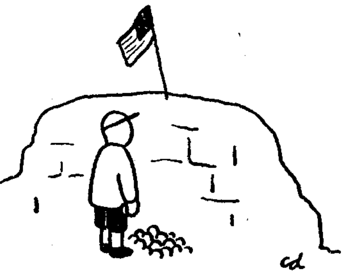
KITTY FOYLE (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 5-8.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Feb. 5.)

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (1935)—Hitchcock melodrama. Peter Lorre and Edna Best. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Feb. 4.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. through Wed., Feb. 8-10.)

PETER THE FIRST (1937)—Soviet sketch of the famous Czar. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Wed., Feb. 10.)



POWER (1934)—Life in eighteenth-century Germany. Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Feb. 4.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS., FEB. 4:** "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), French film, directed by René Clair. **FRI. AND SAT., FEB. 5-6:** "Berlin" (1927) and "Rain" (1929), documentary films. **SUN. AND MON., FEB. 7-8:** "The General" (1927), Buster Keaton; and "Big Business" (1929), Laurel and Hardy. **TUES. AND WED., FEB. 9-10:** "Underworld" (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg. **THURS. AND FRI., FEB. 11-12:** "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), German film. **SAT., FEB. 13:** "The Student Prince" (1927), Norma Shearer, Ramon Novarro.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign volunteers to wartime emergency jobs is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to serve with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

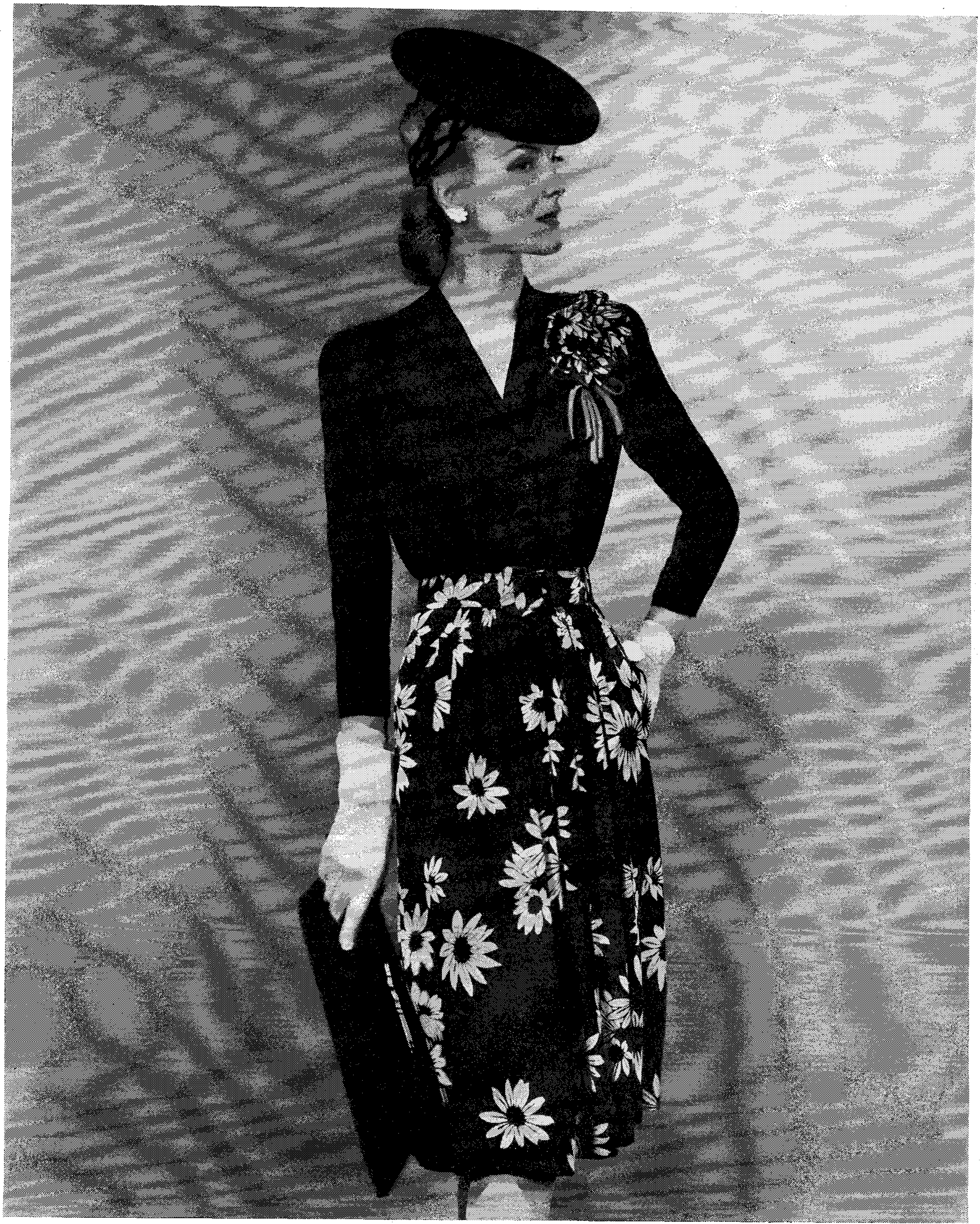
Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of about equal importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (5) women to take a two-week, part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women to take a short training course and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage.

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is used in the manufacture of explosives, is growing more acute. Meanwhile, rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently wanted as ever. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for kitchen fat. Strain whatever fat you have (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings) into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep it in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to accept. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, in the case of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for the manufacture of gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection depots in their hosiery departments.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS—The 1943 Victory Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, the Red Cross, and the United Service Organizations, is now under way, its aim being to get more than 10,000,000 volumes for servicemen both here and abroad. Western and mystery stories are particularly in demand. Borden and Sheffield milkmen are serving as collectors, and books are also being accepted by all public libraries. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute portable phonographs, records, wooden clothes hangers, and playing cards for Army and Navy recreation centres. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, and messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements.



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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

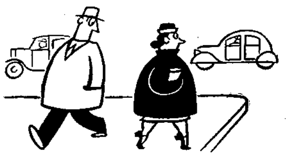
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Humor Begins at Home Note: The man who inspects the elevator in our building, we learn from the framed inspection sheet, is named Walter Rising.

Manpower Situation Note: The doorman of the Stork Club, one of the town's monied men, was seen by many on the evening of last week's big blizzard bravely shovelling away the snow that fell on his post, personally.

Saturday afternoon, walking down Fifth Avenue, we found ourself moving side by side, for a few dozen paces, with an elderly man who had a handful of dried corn. He was passing the kernels one by one from his left to his right hand, apparently counting them as he did so, and we stayed with him till he'd finished and dropped the batch into his right-hand overcoat pocket. A little farther along, at the corner of Fifty-third Street, our path was crossed by a lady who was walking, westbound, on tiptoe. She was short and rather stocky and wore a black sealskin coat, a small black hat, and low-heeled shoes. In fact, there was nothing at all odd about her except that she walked on her toes. We watched her go tiptoeing down West Fifty-third Street until we lost sight of her. We hadn't had a Saturday afternoon like that since 1938.



Contrarily, the press not long ago recorded an incident which we feel just couldn't have happened in the prewar days, when Lucius Beebe cooed of pheasant and every emerald was large and square-cut. Over at the Waldorf, we read, the Simon Patinos, whose money comes from Bolivian tin, had a tiff with their maid. The going got brisk and the girl finally felt impelled to call for help. When hotel employees arrived, they found Mr. Patino tapping her over the head with a witch-hazel bottle. Life in the international set isn't what it was—or was it?

Several weeks ago we dwelt briefly upon the case, then pending in the State Supreme Court, of Alfred Neumark, late of Germany, v. the New York Trust Company, of fairyland. The trust company, you may recall, refused to give up twenty thousand dollars' worth of securities which Neumark had sent over here for safekeeping, because Neumark, before leaving German-occupied territory, had been forced to sign the securities over to the Nazis and the trust company feared that this might lead to legal complications with the German government after the war. Well, Neumark won his case last Friday. "I find," said Justice Aaron Levy, surprising practically nobody except the trust company, "that because a state of war exists between the United States and the present German government, any offers made to the latter government are null and void." Probably everybody is glad that the case is over, particularly the lawyers whose job it was to advance the Nazis' claim to Neumark's dough; they must occasionally have had the feeling that, even by the standards of the legal profession, they were edging into fantasy.

Banks get into foolish predicaments because they have to act like banks. Nobody blames them, but at the same time control of some sort really should be exercised. We suggest the organization of another government bureau, to be known as the BHL, or Bureau of Homeric Laughter. It would outrank all other courts, commissions, and agencies, and whenever a piece of tomfoolery like the Neumark case got started, it would swing into action, with a loud, federal laugh.

The *Daily News* recently published a story identifying one Flip Corkin, a comic-strip character appearing elsewhere in its pages, as in reality a major of the United States Army Air Corps who had distinguished himself in action in Tunisia several days earlier. In the story, Milton Caniff, the comic strip's author, was quoted as saying that the major is the second character he has plagiarized from his circle of acquaintances and that he intends going right ahead with the practice because it has been so well received by his readers. We would like to point out that this scheme has its disadvantages. Carry the idea a step further and you'll soon have segments from the lives of some Scarsdale clubwoman or family man being offered daily to the nation through syndicated publication. We would prefer our comic strips back where they started from and humbly bearing the legend "Resemblance to any person, living or dead, is quite impossible."

The United States government uses paper of different colors to keep track of everything—we knew that, all right. But we didn't know that it had got beyond the primary colors. Last week, however, we saw an inter-office memo to the staff of the National Housing Authority from a Mr. Agle, which read in part:

> Henceforth, as a general rule and upon receipt of each copy of such Revisions from

the Administrator, a "carbon-book" of copies will be typed in this office, and distributed as follows:

- White bond copy to the Region concerned
- Blue tissue copy to Moss
- White tissue copy to Murrin
- Pink tissue copy through Agle to Projects Files
- Green tissue copy to Corridon
- 2nd white tissue copy to Stiles
- Orange tissue copy to Going
- Yellow tissue copy to the Coordinator

This would appear to be the first time the government has found it necessary to chase right through the whole rainbow in search of its dream. It certainly shows what a frightfully complicated thing housing is. You look at a house and you wouldn't think, offhand, that it could kick up such a mess.

Ladies in Arms

WE kept a date last week *behind* the clock at the Biltmore, on the north mezzanine floor. That's where the Service Women's Center, a gift from the Kappa Kappa Gammas to the Waacs, the Waves, the Spars, and the Wafs, is situated. The Kappas are a national women's college sorority; the Waacs and the others you already know. The Center is a suite of three rooms loaned by the Biltmore to the sorority's local alumnae association, which has set up a dispensary of aid and comfort to the ladies of the armed forces. On the afternoon we were there, when the Center was ten days old, its sponsors were giving themselves a vote of self-confidence by throwing a cocktail party, and you didn't have to know the Kappa grip to get in.

The party, which was concentrated around a big sewing table in the foyer of the north mezzanine, was already humming when we got there. There were several uniforms in view, but they were outnumbered by Kappas, many of whom had slips of paper saying "Hostess" pinned to their dresses. We were met by one of them, who said that her name was Mrs. Gerard and offered to show us around. "We have a room for the officers," she said, "and another for the enlisted people, if that's what you call them." In the officers' room, which was furnished with a couch, chairs, a small bookcase, and two writing desks, press photographers were at work. A second and third officer of the Waacs were posed on the couch and two Waves ensigns were posed at the desks. "Get out of the way, pal. I've got to get to a basketball game," one photographer said to another. A knot of maidens in uniform were looking on, and we heard a Waac say to a Wave, "We've got orders, actually. Have you had orders?" "About what?" asked the Wave, echoing our own thought. "About not having our pictures taken," said the Waac. "They don't have to worry about me," said the Wave. "I'm nobody." "Oh well, we're all nobody," said the Waac.

Moving on with Mrs. Gerard, we inspected the enlisted ladies' recreation room and found it much the same as the officers' except for a bulletin board displaying a couple of theatre tickets and notices of church parties. The powder room was next pointed out. This is open to both officers and enlisted personnel—no segregation here. Its fittings had been donated by Elizabeth Arden, and Mrs. Gerard told us we ought to look in for a moment. She said she'd stand guard and we went in, but, feeling uneasy, noticed only that there were enough shades of lipstick on hand to equip any army. Mrs. Gerard took us out into the foyer again, and while she went off on an errand we glanced through the Request Book, in which each visitor to the Center is invited to ask the Kappas for favors. Most of the requests were about double rooms or apartments. Less urgent ones had to do with finding a good tailor or just a good time.

When Mrs. Gerard came back, she had with her Mrs. Gustave Heiss, the Kappa whose idea the Center was. Mrs. Heiss told us that the party seemed to be a success, that a lone Spar had turned up, and that it was too bad about the Waacs' not being able to drink in uniform. We looked around and observed for the first time that the Waves were getting their rations of grog, whereas the Waacs were travelling on grape-juice punch.

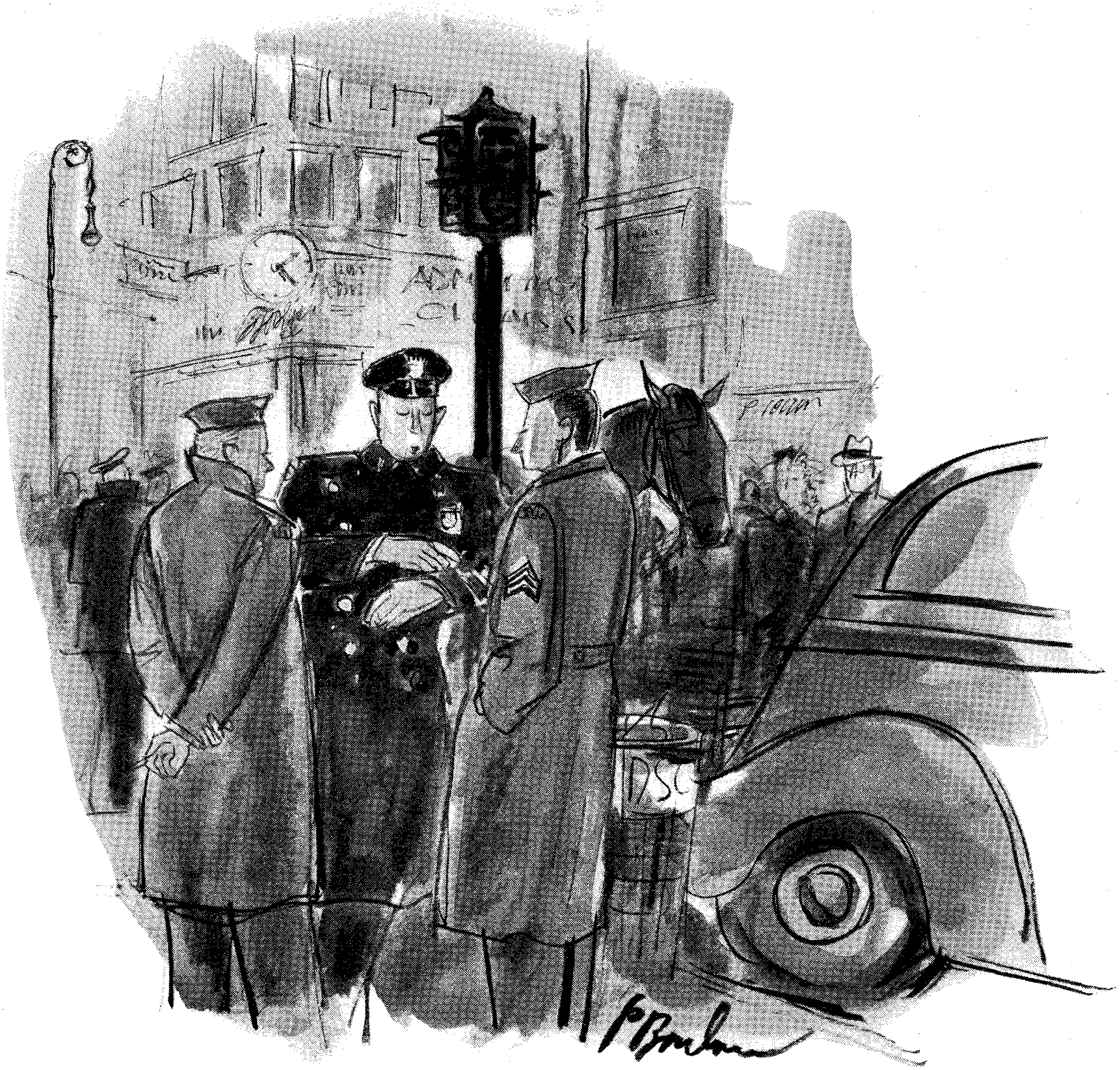
Hobby

A YOUNG teacher at one of the local private schools for girls got a happy notion for brightening up the 10:30 A.M. crackers-and-tomato-juice period. She announced that each morning one of her little pupils was to bring to class the evidence of some hobby, or, at any rate, some tangible thing that interested her especially, and then tell them it while she and the rest of the class were taking their nourishment. Anything went but dolls. The project was a complete success the first day. The appointed pupil produced a miniature Swiss chalet and a set of wooden cows and, with occasional promptings, discoursed on these interestingly. The next day the chosen lass produced, with something like a leer, a clipping from one of the tabloids giving the sensational details of the latest child marriage in Tennessee. These days, when there's time to kill during recess, the teacher leads her class to the roof for a brisk workout.

Rice

ONE of the greatest runners in the world is a young man named Joseph Gregory Rice, who holds the indoor records for the two-mile and three-mile races and is appearing this Saturday in the Millrose Games. Having heard that he was training for the meet during odd moments snatched from a full-time job as accountant in a local munitions factory, we decided that this made young Rice a good subject for investigation. We were not wrong. Down at the home office of Louis Marx, a toy-maker turned munitions-maker, we found that the name of Rice commanded respect. We wandered into the shipping room first, by mistake, and got into conversation with two of Rice's colleagues, a Miss Ely and a Mr. Eichenberg. "Oh, that Mr. Rice!" Miss Ely sighed. "They say he's faster than a swallow, but all I can say is he's a fine, wonderful fellow. He treats you like a human being, so you wouldn't get the impression he's a champion at all, not even a champion of anything." Mr. Eichenberg took exception to this. "One look at this boy and I say to myself, 'A champ, a champ, a champ!' " he told us. "He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, and he eats cheese. That's his diet—cheese, cheese, cheese. So with a diet like that he's a champ, naturally. *If* he can stick to it."

We found Rice working in the outer office of Archie Marcus, the vice-president of the firm, putting down numbers in a big, round hand. He's a shortish, handsome, excessively modest champ. Our first question was naturally about cheese, cheese, cheese. Rice denied that he had the mouselike proclivities ascribed to him by Eichenberg and said that he



"The little ribbon over my shield is a war medal, and the bar is for marksmanship. The triangle on the left arm shows I belong to the Mounted Squad and these stripes on the sleeve stand for the number of years on the force."

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didn't know how such a story could have started. He has no training fads at all, we gathered, unless you could call his refusal to work with a coach a fad. He was taught distance-running at Notre Dame by the late Jack Nicholson, the track coach. "He spoiled me for other coaches," Rice told us, soberly. "He molded my stride, my brain, and my heart, and now he's dead. If I should submit to another coach, he'd be sure to say something that would contradict the teachings of Nicholson. I would then be puzzled and confused, the one state it's advisable *not* to be in when you're competing." Rice works out by himself, on the board track at Columbia's South Field—doesn't even have anybody to rub him down afterward. Once in a while he says hello to the Columbia track coach, Carl Merner, but Merner never coaches him. "He just reassures me about my timing or my stride or whatever. That's all I need, a little reassurance."

With the Millrose Games coming up, Rice has had standing permission to leave the office early whenever he has wanted a long training session. He has scrupulously made up the time by getting in early the next day—"but in case I didn't, there are no human time clocks around here, nobody would think of snooping," he said. Mr. Marcus, who had come out from his office during our talk, chimed in with, "He's a fast man. As a two-miler, he's par excellent. As an accountant, he's even better—he's par par excellent, if there's such an expression. You can quote me." The modest Rice having little more to offer, we wished him luck in the Millrose Games and walked off in search of another office sidelight on him. A Mr. Salzman, a salesman, told us fervidly, "If I had a product to sell that I felt as crazy in favor of as I do of Greg Rice the man, I'd make a million dollars—and that doesn't say I'm not one million per cent in favor of the products I sell now. Whatever that boy does, he has the gist of doing it right, and that's some gist to have." On our way out we again encountered Mr. Eichenberg, who was going somewhere with a bill of lading. "Cheese will do it," Eichenberg told us. "*If* he can stick to it."

Within the Law

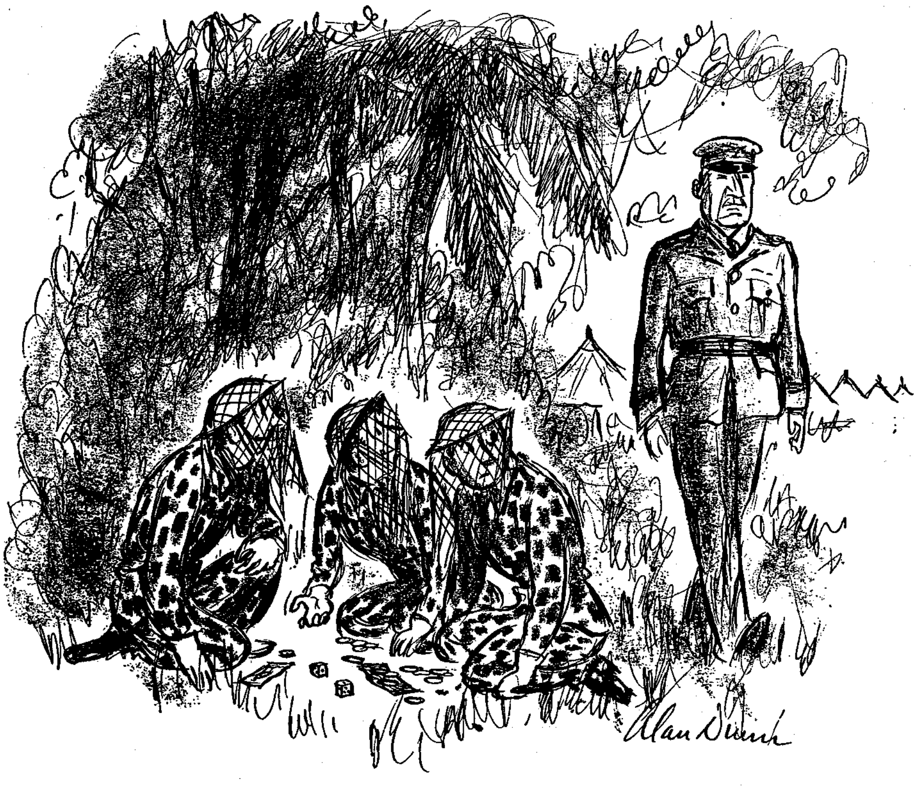
A FELLOW we know, easing himself out of attending a suburban dinner party, dropped in at a Western Union office and composed the following telegram: "AFFECTIONATE GREETINGS SORRY I CANNOT BE WITH YOU TONIGHT." "We can't accept this message," the young woman behind the counter told him. "Messages of greeting are out for the duration, you know." Without a moment's hesitation our friend altered the message to "NOT ALLOWED TO SEND AFFECTIONATE GREETINGS SORRY I CANNOT BE WITH YOU TONIGHT," and without a moment's hesitation Western Union accepted it.

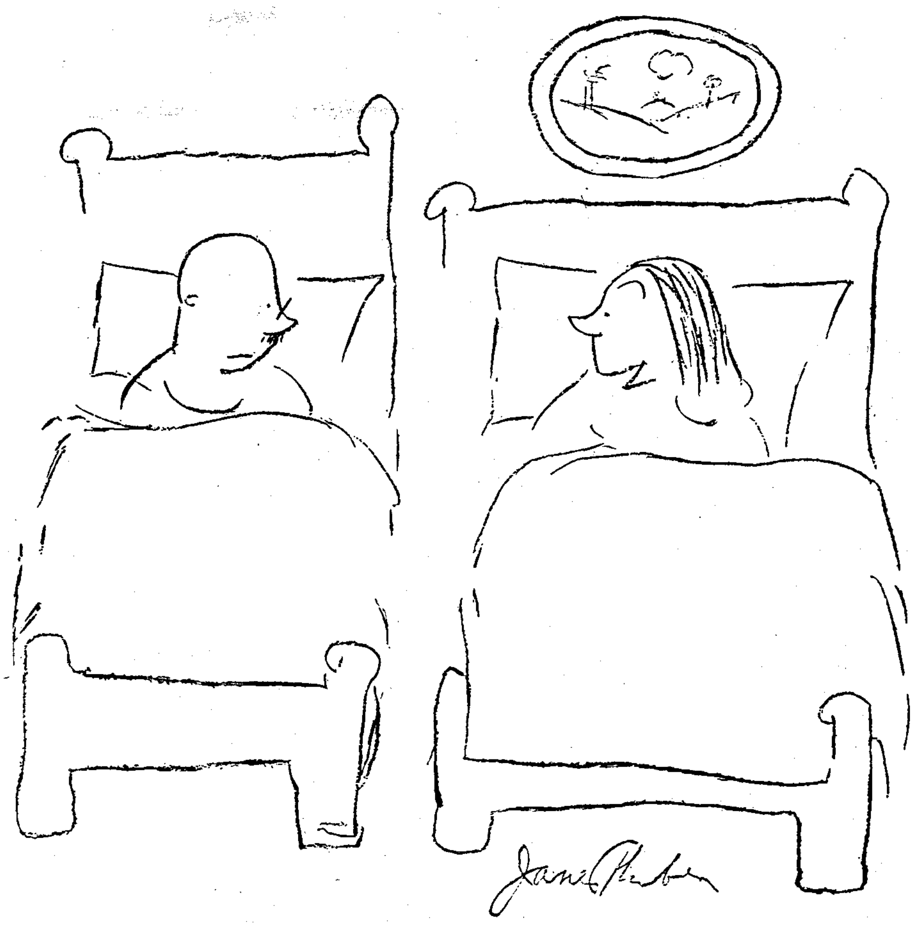
Consequence

BEMUSED by the strange news about Mrs. Mullane of Staten Island, to whom thousands and thousands of people are sending pennies, we floated over to the office of one Ralph Edwards, who, as the announcer on a quiz program called "Truth or Consequences," was responsible for the whole thing. (Mrs. Mullane, you probably remember, committed the crass error of saying that there had been only five kings of England named Henry; as a kind of left-handed forfeit, the radio audience was casually sentenced to send pennies to her, to buy a bond for her son in the Marine Corps.) We found Herbert Moss, the director of the program, sitting behind a desk piled with envelopes, through which he was running his hands like a miser in a cartoon. "I feel like I'm crazy," he told us, with hysterical calm. He introduced us to Mr. Post, the program's press agent, who also felt like he was crazy. "The newspapers have been going out to Staten Island for pictures without even being asked," he said. "And newsreels, even. My God, one day we had eight cameras going on her at once. Did you see the *Times* this morning? They'd called up the son, all the way down in North Carolina. Do you hear me? *THE NEW YORK TIMES DID IT.*" A secretary hurried in, with the news that the Staten Island post office had telephoned to say that fifteen more mail bags were waiting (the work of opening the letters had long since been taken over by the radio people). "Thirty thousand more letters!" Mr. Moss quavered. "That means a hundred and eighty thousand letters, not counting the one-o'clock mail." "They said to tell you there's thirty-one dollars extra postage due," the secretary said.

Mrs. Mullane herself, a friendly-looking Irish lady in a caracul coat with a matching hat, now appeared in Moss's office. "Here, take these," she said. "They came this morning." She put several boxes down on the table. Pennies. "Seventy-five people called my husband at his office yesterday," she said, "and he is one mad Irishman. 'This cannot go on,' he said to me. 'I hope you see what you've got us into. We're a small American family,' he says. 'We've always been a small American family, and we don't want any publicity about it, do you understand that?' " It seemed that what had got Mr. Mullane down was a call from *Life*, an illustrated magazine. "Tell him not to worry. I don't think *Life* is touching this," Post told Mrs. Mullane. "He's *not* worrying," Mrs. Mullane said. "He's gone to Buffalo. He couldn't stand it, so his boss sent him to Buffalo. And another thing," she added fretfully. "You know those pictures they took the first day, showing my neighbors helping me open the envelopes? Well, when they printed the pictures, they cut a lot of the neighbors out, some of the sensitive ones. It does seem as though they didn't have to cut out the sensitive ones."

Ralph Edwards, the "Truth or Consequences" announcer, now joined our gleeful little party, and we all set out for a look at the room where the mail was being opened by a staff especially recruited for the job. "We figure we have about five thousand four hundred dollars so far," Moss said en route. "All in Federal Reserve Bank bags locked up in a locker on this floor." "We'll have to get an armored truck to haul it away," Edwards remarked. "You know," Mrs. Mullane chattily told Edwards, "I didn't want to go to your program, not one bit. My husband said to me, though, 'You have the tickets and you *will* go.' So I went." Edwards smiled, rather feebly, we thought. In a big, bare room we found about sixty youths and girls tearing into envelopes which were stacked in front of them on card tables. Our old friends the press photographers joined the party, and Mrs. Mullane was persuaded to open one envelope for a picture. Just as the picture was snapped, Mrs. Mullane uttered a squeak. "Look!" she cried, flourishing the letter she had opened. "This one says, 'Dear Mrs. Mullane: I stole this from my grandmother's pocketbook.' Oughtn't we to send it back, or something?" When we





"You were wonderful at the Gardners' last night, Fred, when you turned on the charm."

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left, this proposal was pending. Mrs. Mullane, who departed at the same time, made a request to Moss. "You know, *all* the mail for our house is coming here now," she said. "And if you should—if you should just *happen* to come across a letter from my son, will you save it for me?"

Human Equation

THE instructor of a class in photography for women war workers recently had occasion to criticize a batch of prints turned in by a little Southern girl. "They're overexposed," he told her. She nodded thoughtfully. "Ah reckon that's because Ah'm Southern," she said. "You said to count to ten, and it just natchly takes me longer than you folks up here."

Hardy Perennial

A REALLY tough question for Mrs. Mullane would have been "Which is the older, Burton Holmes or Sherlock Holmes?" The answer is "Burton." Sherlock, it's true, has been longer in the public eye, but not much longer; he made his début in 1887, in "The Sign of the Four," and Burton made his six years after that, in "Japan—the Country," a lantern-slide lecture. At the age of seventy-three, Burton is now plunging through his fiftieth consecutive season, filling Carnegie Hall with eager kids and comfortable ladies in Queen Mary hats. We caught the second lecture in the series—"Our Fronts in North Africa"—and would report that the Holmes beard and platform manner are both as crisp as ever. As always, the lecture stressed quaintness and charm rather than stern facts. Some of the lantern slides he used dated back to his first visit to North Africa, in 1894, though of course most of the views had been taken with modern motion-picture equipment.

After the lecture we had a chat with Mr. Holmes in his apartment, which overlooks Central Park. He said he hoped we wouldn't start with the usual journalistic gambit by asking how many miles he'd travelled in his fifty-year career. "I just don't know," he said, "but I'm sure many Pullman porters have it all over me." Speaking of travelling, he added that he had been certain that the present restrictions would cut heavily into his audiences, but that somehow they hadn't; attendance is thirty per cent better than last year. "I thought there wouldn't be anybody in the hall but me, the ushers, and the rent bill, but the congregation managed to get there," he said. Mr. Holmes boasts mildly that he is physically suited to his work: he never sleeps better than when he's in a Pullman, for example, and though he has occasionally had laryngitis, his attacks never come on when he's lecturing. It makes him mad when people ask him about his adventures. "I don't seek danger," he told us. "I'm a Cook's tourist, reporting how pleasant it is in such-and-such a place." Even a Cook's tourist, however, may accidentally bump into a mishap, and it was Holmes' fate to be in an automobile smashup in Finland in 1939. This didn't prevent his delivering his full quota of a hundred and thirty lectures the next winter, even though he had to do it in a wheel chair. He has missed only two lectures in fifty years, as a matter of fact; that was eight years ago, when he got some dust in his throat while flying over the Dust Bowl.

Mr. Holmes' peak year, as far as the box office is concerned, was 1912, when his subject was the Panama Canal, then under construction. "I got thousands of people I wouldn't ordinarily have got," he said. He has figured out that his usual audience is mainly composed of people who come in order to be reminded of a trip they have made or to get a preview of a trip they intend to make. What keeps them coming now, when travel outside this hemisphere has been practically impossible for more than three years, is anybody's guess. "I suppose," Mr. Holmes told us thoughtfully, "that the really remarkable thing about me is that I have been doing the same thing in the same way for fifty years and the public has stood for it."

Cupid

ONE of the town's glamorous young creatures, engaged to a soldier now in parts unknown, received a letter from him written in a tone of gloomy renunciation. With his absence dragging on into its second year, the lad wrote, he wouldn't blame her if she broke her engagement to him and married somebody at home. This had apparently been too much for the censor, who had put his comment in the margin, in large block letters: "NONSENSE!"

THE VICTIM

MRS. BURTON is a rich woman and she's full of energy and Good Works. She came originally from New York and has lived in Cottrellton, Rhode Island, only ten years, since her marriage to George Burton. You can get a pretty fair idea of what the local people think of her from a remark of Ned Sweet's, who is one of the air-raid wardens in the North Ferry district. Ned lives over at Cross Bridge on Naius River and he fishes there for what you might call his living.

Ned was putting in a wintry Sunday afternoon recently repairing the roof of his ancient smokehouse, and his neighbor, Henry Standeven, was sitting on a sawhorse and watching him, for although Henry is a wonderful carpenter and cabinetmaker, he isn't any good on a roof with his artificial leg.

"I hear that Mrs. Burton was to your house yesterday," Henry Standeven said.

"That so?" Ned said, thickly because his mouth was full of nails.

"Probably a lot of people round here would like to know why she come calling on you," Henry said.

Ned Sweet took the nails out of his mouth. "I guess they would," he said, and busied himself with hammering down a new roofer. When that was done he looked at it admiringly. "Yessir, Mrs. Burton come yesterday. Annual visit to the poor."

Henry grinned and rose. "Well," he said, "I'm going indoors. I ain't rugged enough to set in this east wind. Gits my leg." He limped off home to tell his wife what Ned Sweet had said about Mrs. Burton. The remark spread from there.

It wasn't long after that that Mrs. Burton's chauffeur delivered a highly carved Japanese lacquer table to Henry Standeven's shop in Cottrellton.

"What's that?" Henry asked.

"Jap," the chauffeur answered. "Antique."

"Real odd," Henry said.

"She's going to raffle it off in the benefit on tomorrow week," the chauffeur said. "Needs to be glued up some, those curlicues."

"See it does," Henry said.

"It's got to be ready by Wednesday."

"Guy!" Henry said. "I dunno I can git to it. Look at that raft of stuff here. Jest look at it. And everyone in a hurry for it. Wants it day before yesterday."

"That's what she said for me to say," the chauffeur said. "Got to have it for Wednesday for the raffle. She said to say it was a patriotic duty and she said price don't mean a thing. I'm just repeating her remarks."

"Yes," Henry said. "Well, I'll do what I can. Money don't buy time."

"So long," the chauffeur said.

"So long," Henry said. "Certainly an odd piece."

LATE on the following Tuesday, Mrs. Burton called at Henry Standeven's to collect her Japanese table. She found Henry talking to a young man with blond hair. The young man was nervously riffling the pages of a government pamphlet.

"Good evening," said Mrs. Burton. "Have you got my table ready?"

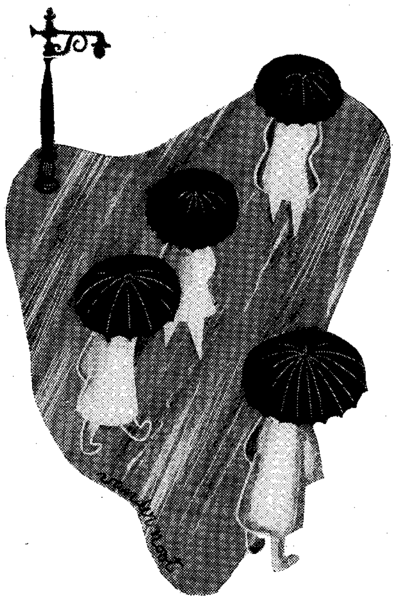
"Good evening," Henry said. "I'll be right with you in jest a minute. This young feller is occupying my attention right now."

"I'm in a hurry," said Mrs. Burton.

"Ceiling prices!" Henry said to the young man. "Ceiling prices! Why, you can take it up to the highest authority there is in the whole Office of Price Administration and they wouldn't know what to do with work like mine. No, sir. Drive 'em crazy."

"Well," said the young man, "I—"

"Ceiling prices!" said Henry. "Now, you look around you. See that chair there, all to pieces? Feller brought it in here said he paid a dollar for it. I couldn't charge him more'n fifty cents, could I? See them chairs? You only got to unglue the stretchers and put them back. Cost her a couple dollars. It's delicate work, antiques. But ain't so much work as to that there dollar chair, is they? How you going to put a ceiling to it?"



"Well," said the young man, "it seems to me—"

"Now, you look at that there piece. That ain't a repair, is it? Jest needs to be refinished a little. Scrape her a mite and fill her and wax her. What's that worth? Maybe half a dollar. But you take this piece over here in the corner, can't see it so good, ain't enough light, but it's a refinish job too, and it will cost her three-four dollars. Why? More fussy. Git the coloring wrong, I'll catch hell. You can't put a ceiling to such, can you?"

"Well," said the young man, "in garages now, they—"

"Garages!" said Henry. "This ain't no garage. Don't need no ration book to set on a chair yet, do you? Look at this, now," he said, pointing to Mrs. Burton's table. "Belongs to this lady is in such a hurry. Odd, ain't it? Ain't another thing like it in all of Rhode Island, I dare say. Oriental art work. How you going to tell how long it takes to glue up all them little carved bits is come loose onto it? Take off one of them, off falls another. Ceiling prices! No, sir. Not in this business."

"Well," said the young man, "what am I going to do?"

"Report it," said Henry. "Let them figger it out. I can't. You can't. Nobody can't. You can't put a ceiling to scraping off a patch of old glue, can you? No, sir."

"Well," said the young man. He turned toward the door. "So long."

"So long," said Henry. "You git this business figgered to a ceiling, by God, they'll let you run the bank."

The young man, looking harassed, nodded to Mrs. Burton and left the shop.

"There now," said Henry. "I guess that give him a headache, didn't it?"

"And my table?" said Mrs. Burton coldly.

"No harm in the feller," said Henry. "Nice boy. Certainly gave him a puzzle to fix ceiling prices on repair work to furniture. I file saws, too."

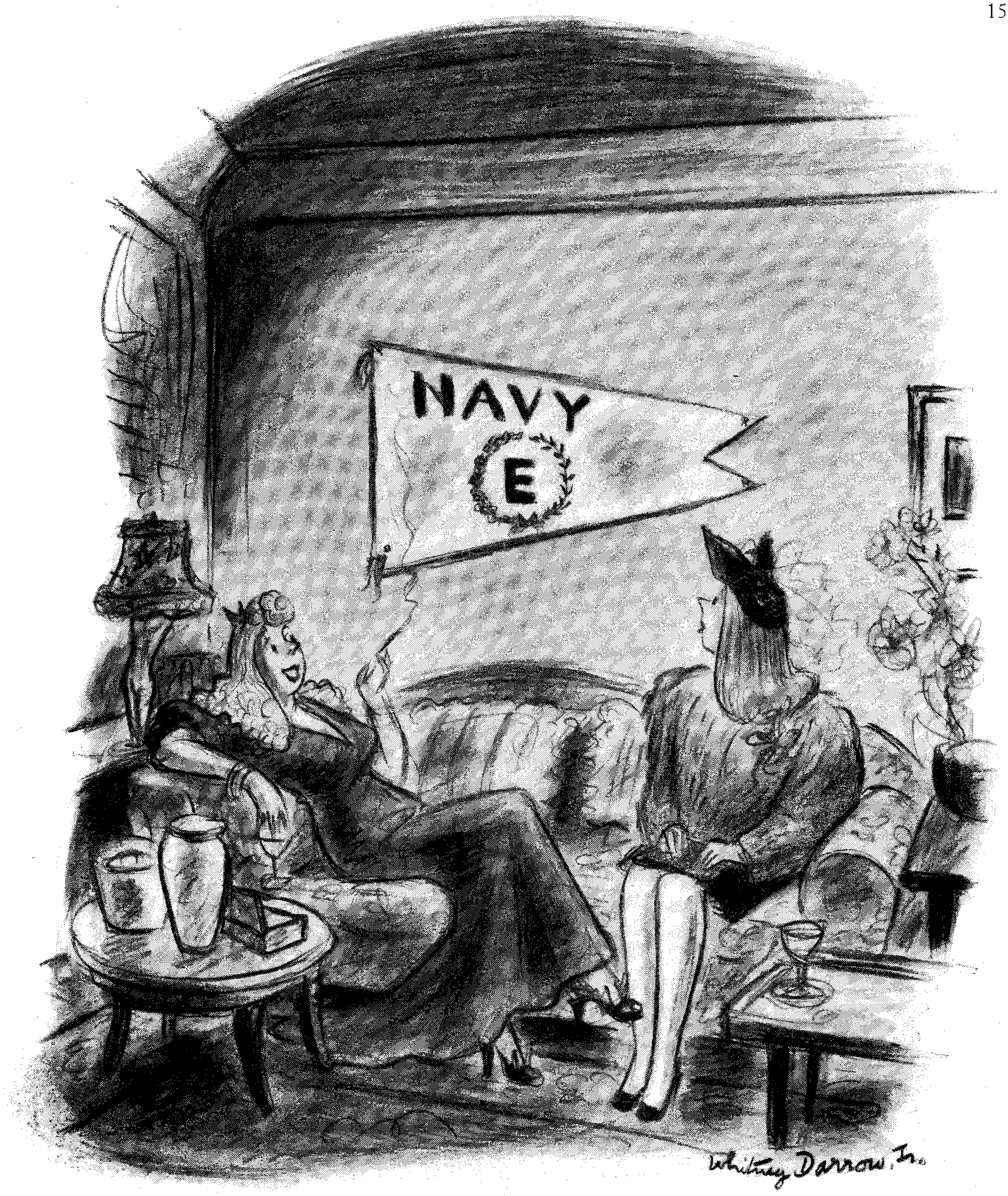
"Please!" cried Mrs. Burton. "Please! *Is* my table ready?"

"Ain't more'n just got afoul of it," Henry said. "Might git it done soon. Lotta little pieces onto it is come loose."

"But you've had it a week."

"Some pieces here been here most a year," he said. "Now, you take this piece here, from Mrs. Greene, lives to Chog's Cove—"

"Didn't my chauffeur—didn't



"A group of sailors presented it to me."

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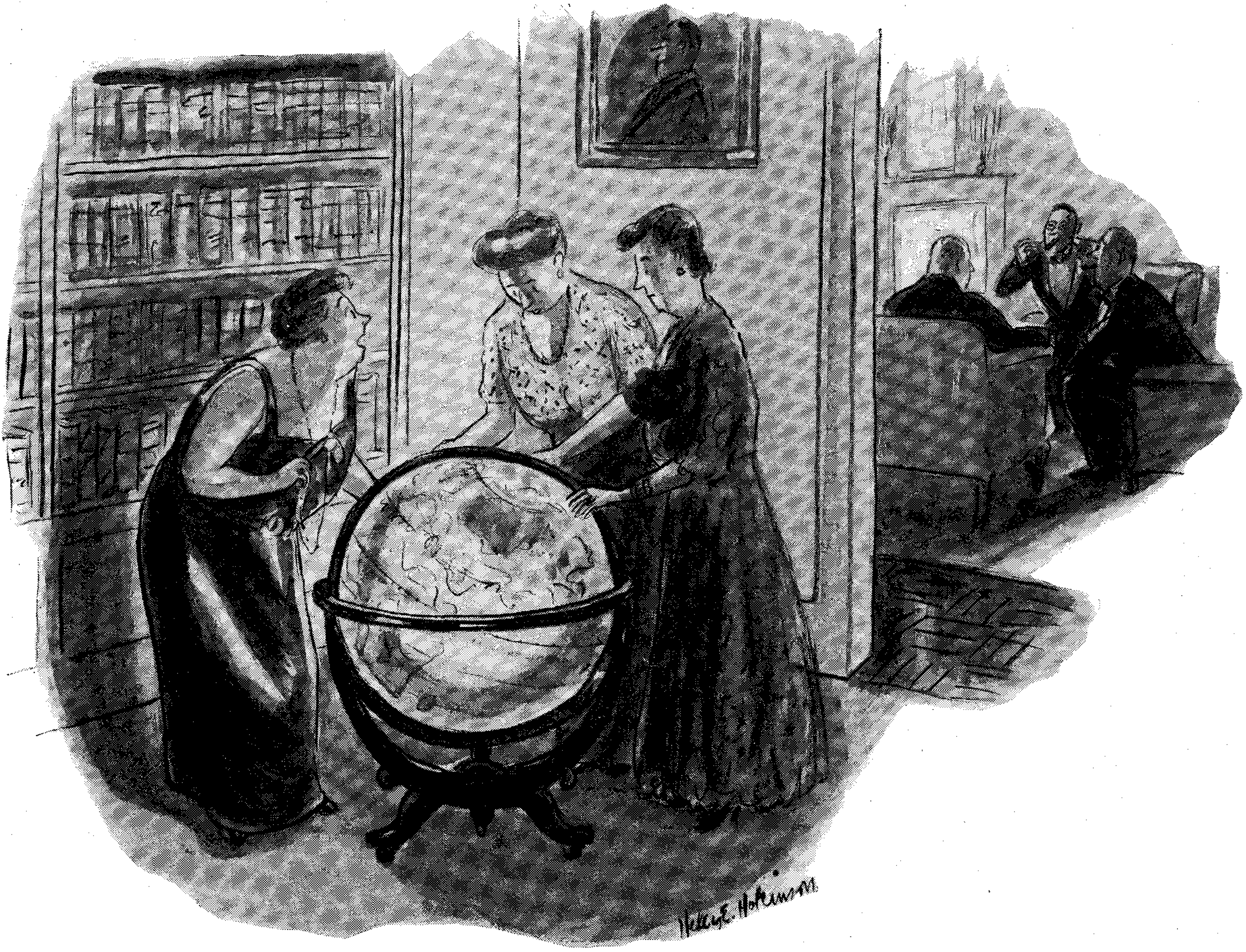
George Amory tell you when he brought it in it was for the raffle tomorrow night?"

"Seems so, yes," Henry said.

"Then I do think it would have been patriotic for you to have fixed it. I'm giving it. You might at least have fixed it."

"Now, you lie right down here," Henry said, "and look up under that open bit at the bottom. You'll see what had to be set into it. Lie right down, only way you can see it."

Mrs. Burton ignored this suggestion. "How can I put it up to raffle if I am not sure it will be ready? It's got to be there, mended right, hasn't it? Am I to come all the way here again, with gasoline so precious, to call on the chance it will be ready? Really, Mr. Standeven, this doesn't increase my opinion of you. What's the matter with this town? Doesn't anyone here know we are at war? An able-bodied man like you just sitting here and mending furniture at your convenience. And won't even co-operate with the government to fix



“Goodness! Isn’t Chile thin!”

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prices! I should suppose you’d have more patriotism.”

Henry stood there looking at her, scratching his head.

“No use to fret,” he said. “It’ll either be ready or it won’t. Nothing you can do about it now, is they? I’ll deliver it to the raffle if it’s done.”

Mrs. Burton opened her mouth to speak, but she closed it again and turned angrily and walked to the door and set her hand on the knob.

“Hear you was to Ned Sweet’s the other day,” Henry said.

She turned and looked back. “Oh, that. My children had outgrown some of their clothes and—” She checked herself. “I don’t know why I should talk about it,” she said, and added, rather sharply, “with you.”

“Why, we all seem to be sort of concerned with each other’s affairs about here,” Henry said.

“I don’t know what you mean,” Mrs. Burton said. The color flooded into her face and she turned and left the shop, shutting the door loudly behind her.

HENRY got the Japanese table mended and delivered it to the raffle in good time. The following week—on a cold, clear, windless early evening—he decided after supper to fetch in a few more chunks of wood for the stove and was met by Ned Sweet as he stepped out of the door.

“Evening,” Henry said. “Looking for me?”

“Evening,” Ned said. “Well, it’s this way. They’re having an air-raid drill tonight and Freddie Whitmarsh has just been by and left me my instructions, and, by guy, I’ve got to have an incident.”

“A what?”

“An incident. Got to have a man or a woman who gits bombed here, to Cross Bridge. Here it is getting on to quarter to seven and the incident has to take place at seven and then I got to telephone for the ambulance to come and fetch the victim. And I ain’t got ary victim.”

“Go slow,” Henry said. “Don’t pay to git excited. Where’s the ambulance go to?”

“They give the victim first aid here—I ain’t to do that—and then they fetch him to Cottrellton, to the first-aid station, and there they examine the reports—mine and the ambulancers’—and then they practice on the victim some, and then they report it to headquarters.”

“And who’s in charge at Cottrellton?”

“Mrs. Burton,” Ned said.

Henry stood and scratched his head a minute. “Seven o’clock, you said?”

“That’s it.”

“We got a quarter hour,” Henry said reflectively. “Come inside. I’ll be your victim. I got an idea.”

The two men entered Henry’s house and Henry called to his wife. “Mary,” he said, “I got to be a victim for Ned’s incident.”

"Well!" Mrs. Standeven said.

"Right now," Henry said. "You know where that old pair of white overalls is that I used to copper-paint the boat with?"

"In the cupboard," she said.

"Well, now, you fetch 'em," Henry said. "And hand 'em in to me here. I'm going to change."

When his wife was gone, Henry closed the door after her and took off his trousers and sat down and unstrapped the shining artificial part of his left leg.

"By God!" Ned said. "I never seen her before. She's a beauty."

"Works real good," Henry said.

"What you taking her off for?"

"Why, makes it seem more sort of real, don't it?"

"Guy!" Ned said.

"Them overalls," Henry said. "I used a mighty dark-red copper paint."

"Guy!" Ned said.

Mrs. Standeven knocked on the door then and, when Ned opened it, handed through a pair of ragged old overalls, once white but now a dirty gray and covered with dark-red stains.

"We could cut off the bottom of one leg sort of ragged," Ned said.

They did so. Then Henry put the overalls on.

"Well," Henry said, "it's seven o'clock. You better use this telephone here. Local call, ain't it?"

"Yes," Ned said. "Don't cost nothing."

He telephoned to North Ferry and reported his incident. "Got the victim lyin' by the side of the road about two rods west of Cross Creek Bridge. I got him covered up good. He's bleedin' fast. Better hurry. Bomb got him." He hung up. "Makes a pretty good incident," he said. "Now we got to go outside. How you going to git there?"

"Hop," said Henry. "You come right alongside and I'll lean on you to stiddy me."

In the hall he put on an overcoat, and they went out, Ned walking slowly and Henry hopping down toward the bridge till they came to a flat, grassy spot by the side of the road where Ned had left two blankets. He spread one out on the ground and Henry lay on it. Ned covered him up warm.

"You all right?"

"Sure," Henry said. "But you got to remember from now on I ain't conscious."

"You look pretty good for a man just lost a leg."

"Git some flour," Henry said. "It'll whiten me."

"Guy!" Ned said. He ran up the road to his own house and was back in a minute with a fistful of flour, which he rubbed into Henry's face. It made Henry sneeze. He looked ghastly when Ned turned his torch on him.

"Your mustache gone white with the shock," he said.

"I'm unconscious," Henry said.

"That's right," Ned said. "I forgot."

It wasn't long before they heard, in the still air, the ambulance coming down to Cross Bridge. Ned flagged it with his torch and it drew to the side of the road, its headlights full on Henry, the victim. Three women jumped out.

"Hi, Edith," Ned said. "You come quick."

"We were all ready," Edith said. "Who you got for a victim, Ned?"

"Man got bombed," Ned said. "I'll make my report."

"Take it down, Helen," Edith said to one of the other women, "and Gertie and I'll give the first aid."

The woman called Helen took a notebook and a pencil and a flashlight and set down Ned Sweet's report. He read it mostly from his paper of instructions by his own torch, but he embellished it as he went on. The two other women listened. They giggled at him, he was so serious-sounding, and Edith laughed aloud when he said that the victim was bleeding some. Then the two women bent down, torches alight, and pulled the blanket off Henry Standeven. The dramatic lighting of headlights and torches fell on his white face, prostrate body, and spot-covered overalls.

"My good God!" Gertie cried.

Helen stepped over to look and then she let out a scream.

"Well, you'd better git going, ain't you?" Ned Sweet said.

"Oh, God, who is it?" Edith asked. She bent down closer and looked. "Why," she cried, "it's Henry Standeven! That's all it is. You are a pair, you are. You hadn't ought to give us such a turn."

"It's good practice," Ned said.

"Well," said Helen.

"And ain't Mrs. Burton in charge at Cottrellton?"

"Oh," said all three women together, and there was a silence.

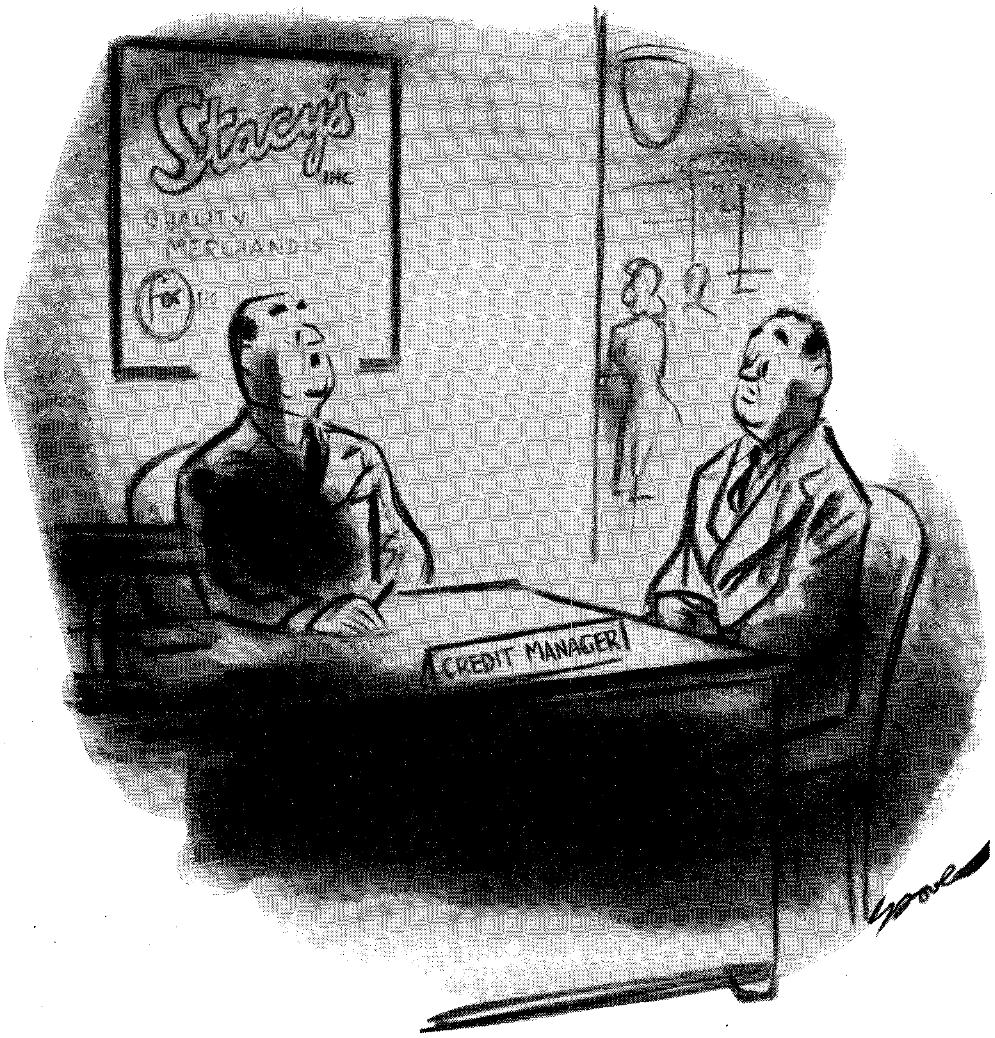
"Well," Gertie said.

"We could bandage his face a little, too," Edith said. "Is that flour?"

They did a fine job on Henry. They bandaged and put a loose tourniquet on the stump of his leg, cutting back the overalls to do so, and they bandaged his face, leaving him one eye and his nostrils and whitened mustache exposed. They put a traction splint on his right arm. They marked his forehead with lipstick, writing there two T's and the time, 7:05. Then they set him on a stretcher, put him in the station wagon that served for ambulance, and drove to Cottrellton. Nobody said anything all the way except Helen. She turned back to Henry and said, "Riding easy, Henry?"

In a muffled voice, through his bandages, he said, "I'm unconscious."

They arrived at the



"Frankly, Mr. Courtney, it isn't only the government regulations —we like prompt payment also."

• •

first-aid station with the siren blowing full out. The three women hopped out and, with Ned Sweet's help, they heaved out the stretcher and took it in to the big, brightly lit room. There were quite a few people there: all those who were taking first aid, and the nurses, and Mrs. Burton. The chief warden of the town was there, too, with a couple of Providence men, who turned out to be from the Governor and had come to see how Cottrellton handled its incident.

Mrs. Burton was very brisk and efficient. She told them where to set the stretcher, she ordered people to stand here or there, she gathered the nurses, and they got Henry, still wholly wrapped up in blankets, from the stretcher to the big table that was ready and covered with a white sheet.

"Report, please," said Mrs. Burton in her most officerlike voice.

Helen read her report from her notebook. She stumbled on the words, and the hand that held the notebook trembled visibly.

"You must be calmer, calmer," Mrs. Burton said. "That's why we have these practices. Suppose it were the real thing?"

"Oh, my God!" Helen said. She turned half away from Mrs. Burton and hid her face in her hands.

Mrs. Burton looked at her and then she leaped to the table. "What has happened?" she cried. "What has happened? Quickly! Nurses!" But without waiting for anyone to help her, she tore the blanket off Henry Standeven and disclosed him. His overcoat was so arranged that the stump of his left leg was exposed.

Mrs. Burton's hands remained in the exact position they had been in when she twitched the covering away, one hand still clutching a corner of the dangling khaki blanket. She stood thus immobile while one could have counted three, slowly. Then she fainted dead away.

The nurses and the first-aid students had a very fine chance to practice on Mrs. Burton. Henry Standeven had been unwrapped and had departed by the time she was able to sit up again and take notice.

IT was just a fortnight later that Mrs. Burton called at Henry's shop. Henry was making a picture frame.

"Good morning, Mr. Standeven," Mrs. Burton said.

"Morning," Henry said.

"I'm obliged to you for getting the Japanese table done on time," she said.

"Don't mention it," Henry said. "I done it in mind of what you said, 'twas patriotic."

"Ah!" Mrs. Burton said, smiling.

"Can't get back into the Army this war, so I do what I can to home."

"You were in the last war?"

"Oh, yes. Right in her. In her plenty."

"Were you wounded?"

"You might say so." He paused and looked briefly at her. "That's how I come to lose my leg. Left leg. This here is artificial, real clever, comes right off."

"Oh!" she said. The color came into her face and went again, leaving her white. Then she blushed hotly. After a moment of silence she said, "So it was you. No one would tell me."

"Yes," he said.

"That was most unkind, Mr. Standeven."

"They needed a victim," Henry said. "I done it to be patriotic."

"I see," she said. "It was most unkind." She stood fingering her purse a moment and then she drew in her breath and straightened up. "How much do I owe you for the table, please?"

"Not a thing," Henry said.

"I'd prefer to pay," she said. "You can't afford that, Mr. Standeven."

"Is that so?" he said. "You give the piece. I give the labor to fix her. We're all square now."

"But I—but—I'd really rather pay," she said. "I don't wish to be beholden to you."

"No," he said. "You ain't."

—CHRISTOPHER LAFARGE

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Q. What is the middle name of Harry L. Hopkins? S. B. Y.
A. Philetas of Cos, who lived in the second half of the 4th century B.C. According to the comic poets he carried lead in his shoes to keep himself from being blown away.—*Kokomo (Ind.) Tribune.*

Just ask any question at all!

HOW TO ADJUST YOURSELF TO THE GLOBAL WAR

LOUNGING in my endocrinologist's anteroom the other afternoon, I was speculating busily on how débutante parties were getting along these days when, by a coincidence which I flatly do not believe occurred, I picked up the January issue of *Harper's Bazaar* and, on page 20, learned precisely how these fixtures have been geared to the times. It appears that at a "mass launching" of debs this season, parents bought War Savings Bonds while their daughters executed something called a "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" dance, invented by Mr. Arthur Murray. The *Bazaar's* text is substantiated by photographs, taken in the Murray studio, showing various buds boning up on their patriotic work. In one picture the Misses Rosalie Fletcher, Elspeth Banks, and Joan La Roche, their hands upraised in godly praise, are practicing the "Praise the Lord" step with Mr. Murray; in another Miss Fletcher and Miss Jane Cook, their "trigger fingers pointing," their expressions coy, are running through the "Machine Gun" step under the tutelage of a young man on the Murray faculty. I'm afraid I'd cut a sorry figure in the stag line these days—too gun-shy.

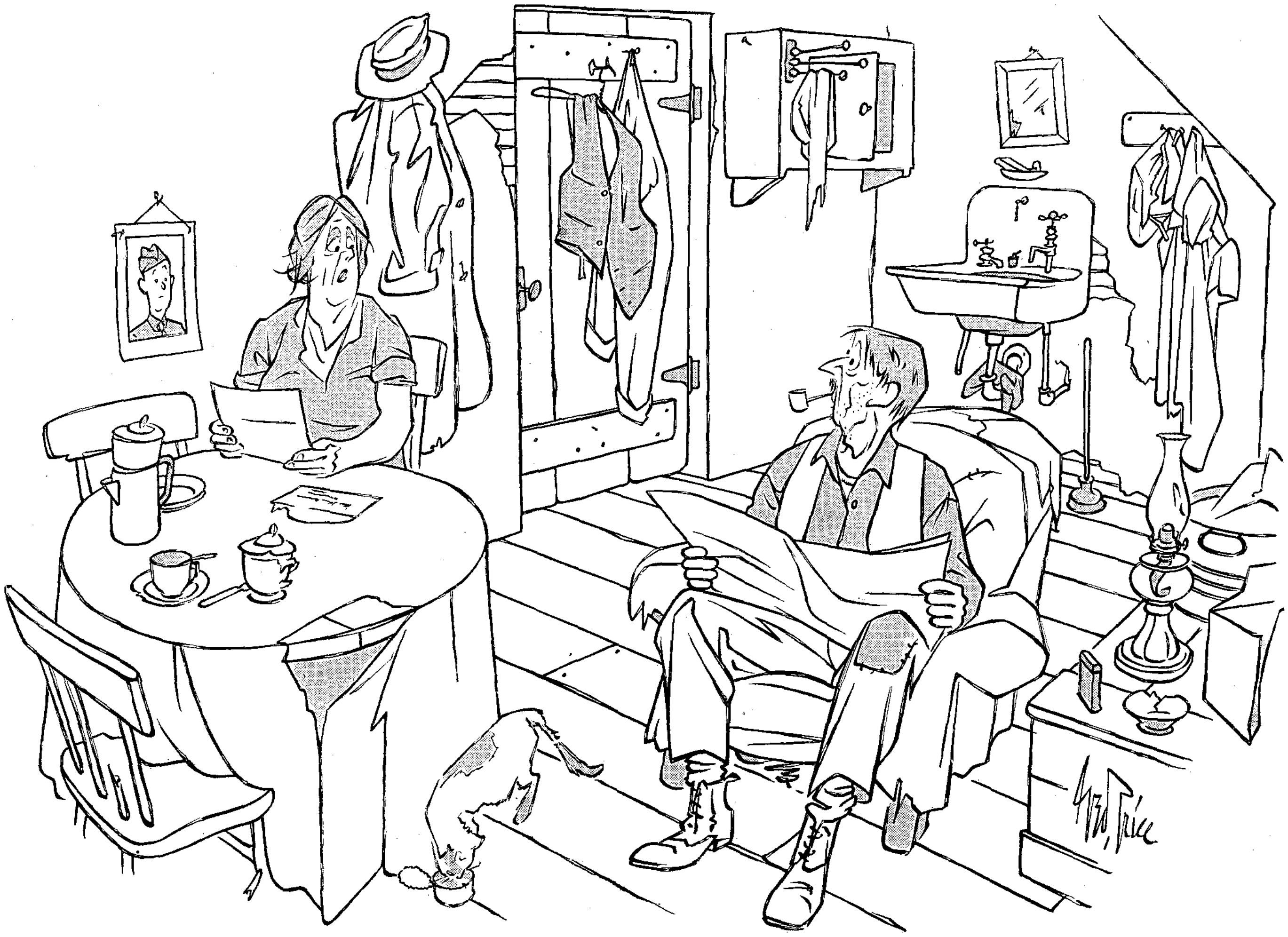
Harper's Bazaar, a magazine given to fearless reporting, takes no discernible stand on these goings-on, which manifestly represent only a portent of things to come. As the conflict deepens and Arthur Murray gives increasing thought to it, I predict that an even more graphic *pas de guerre*, the "Bayonet Disembowelment" step, will sweep the local ballrooms, faithfully pirouetted by the more sensitive débutantes and duly recorded in the more fashionable ladies' publications.

THE January issue of the *Bazaar* is so full of nuggets that even an old Comstock Lode man wouldn't know where to begin. Shall we just proceed chronologically, and to hell with clever transitions between paragraphs? On page 21, then, right after the "Machine Gun" step, the *Bazaar* observes:

> As we adjust ourselves to ration cards, servantless houses, meatless Tuesdays, and manless everydays, we begin to think in new terms of the way we want to look—Be Yourself, says this issue, Be Indestructible, Be Indispensable, Be Uprootable . . . and to these we add a fifth—Be Unforgettable. . . . Our real job is to remain women . . . first, last, and forever.

On page 23, in a "Be Yourself" department, the magazine notifies its readers that "a last stand of squeamish gentility has been abandoned" and that "the charge-and-send lady has been replaced by the citizeness who carries her own." Regard these bags, says the *Bazaar*, and it illustrates three: a brown paper one ostentatiously marked with a "V" and the motto "I'll Carry Mine," a "hickory basket from a country storeroom" crammed with vegetables, and a "French market bag copied in fine morocco leather" from which a copy of the *Journal-American*, a sister publication, peeps, none too timidly. This page continues:

> The war has imposed its burdens, in fact and in spirit, but in giving us heavy loads, it has swept away all the everlasting little obligations and conventions that used to paralyze free will. The fear of not being in the swing, the boredom of going places whether you would or not, the bother of



"He's homesick."

> trying to make an impression—all useless now that the gallery has its eyes fixed on another stage. Carry your own is a symbol of this new independence. Package in hand, you're entitled to the camaraderie of the road. So, button up your overcoat, be on time, have the right change ready, don't forget your parcels . . . and be at last highly, widely, and handsomely YOURSELF.

I tried this out and regret to state that it doesn't work. I packed up a heavy load of old *Journal-Americans*, stuffed them in a brown paper bag, and took to the road. "Going my way?" I said to the first man I met, a fellow innocent of parcels. "Stop jostling me, will you?" he said. "Camaraderie of the road," I replied jovially. "Have a cigar." He shook his head. "I'm carrying mine," I said. "How about you? You a charge-and-send man?" "Officer!" he said, beckoning to a policeman.

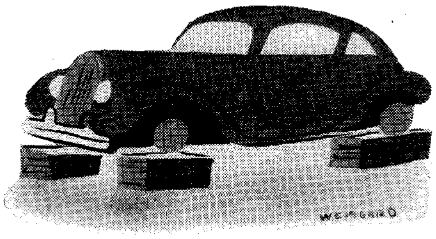
This experience, and possibly my sex, discouraged me from following the instructions of the *Bazaar's* "Be Indestructible" department, on pages 24 and 25, which recommends the purchase of a number of "indestructible suits": a Saks-Fifth Avenue blue-and-white checked English wool jacket and a navy blue wool skirt ($98.95), a custom-made Knize black hand-woven wool skirt ($60), a blue-and-red checked jacket vest ($115), a Bendel "neat narrow suit of a monotone tweed with an indefinite stripe" ($49.95), a gray-and-caramel plaid wool Bergdorf Goodman jacket and skirt ($135), and a brown-and-white shadow-striped English flannel Lord & Taylor suit ($49.95), as well as a W. & J. Sloane chair, Mark Cross handbags, and some Flato clips and earclips.

THE *Bazaar's* "Be Uprootable" department, on pages 28 and 29, consists of five photographs of an uprootable young lady clad in various uprootable suits and dresses, which are fulsomely described in non-uprootable captions. "Uprootable," one of these reads, "means subject to change, ready to take your marching orders at the flick of an eye, or the ring of a telephone, whether it's to join your husband in Louisiana or start a new war job 2,500 miles from home. So buy clothes that expedite matters . . ." The trouble with this department is that in three of the pictures a dachshund is shown lolling on the young woman's bed, while in one of the remaining two the symbol of uprootableness, wearing a "one-piece dress with a two-piece look in rayon crêpe . . . a perfect dress for all around the U.S.A.," is disclosed adjusting the seed bin of a cage containing two lovebirds, presumably hers. Dachshunds and lovebirds do not expedite 2,500-mile trips undertaken at the flick of an eye by occupants of servantless houses.

Remember that *Bazaar* reference to the useless "bother of trying to make an impression" on page 23? Seven pages further along, in the issue's "Be Unforgettable" department, this is what you get:

> Be unforgettable in ruffles that froth around a wrist, flutter over an ankle, spill softly from a neckline . . . unforgettable in this delicious, snow-white, soft shouldered blouse in Celanese rayon crêpe ruffled at the throat and the wrists. $10.95. Lord and Taylor. Paul Flato's flexible jewelry of diamonds and rubies . . . unforgettable in Scheherezade slippers of scarlet satin braids, that emerge from the black lace ruffles of a short evening skirt . . . and doubly, triply unforgettable in the ruffles of a square-necked short evening dress of Enka rayon crêpe, and in the aura of "Estrellita," Tussy's new fragrance . . . unforgettable as the stars themselves.

Is it, or is it not, possible for a girl to make herself doubly, triply unforgettable in ruffles and diamonds and rubies without giving a teeny-weeny thought to trying to make an impression?



NOW turn to page 35, as I did in that old endocrinologist's anteroom, and look at a little essay entitled "The Leotard Idea," which comes out for "the two-piece jersey leotard, warm and all-covering" and says, "It's a new idea, leading toward the twenty-first century. . . . We present it—make what you will of it." Well, I can't find "leotard" in my Webster and I don't make a goddam thing of it. I am in favor of the Leopard Idea, however, according to which a one-piece leopard eats up all the fashion editors of *Harper's Bazaar* and, moreover, takes a bite out of Mr. Winsor French, author of an article on the contemporary theatre, which begins on page 37 and reads in part:

> There are those who would like to set up light housekeeping in the Martin Beck Theatre, where Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are appearing in S. N. Behrman's three-ring circus, *The Pirate*. Yet this is not quite a play but the sheerest trivia, escapism framed with such magnificent trappings that one is frequently deluded into thinking something is going on. And there is something going on.

If something *is* going on, "one," or Mr. French, is hardly deluded when he *thinks* something is going on. Mr. French may be deluded about the use of the word "deluded," however. Or am I escaping into the sheerest trivia? I sincerely hope so.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

* * *

BLACK MARKET

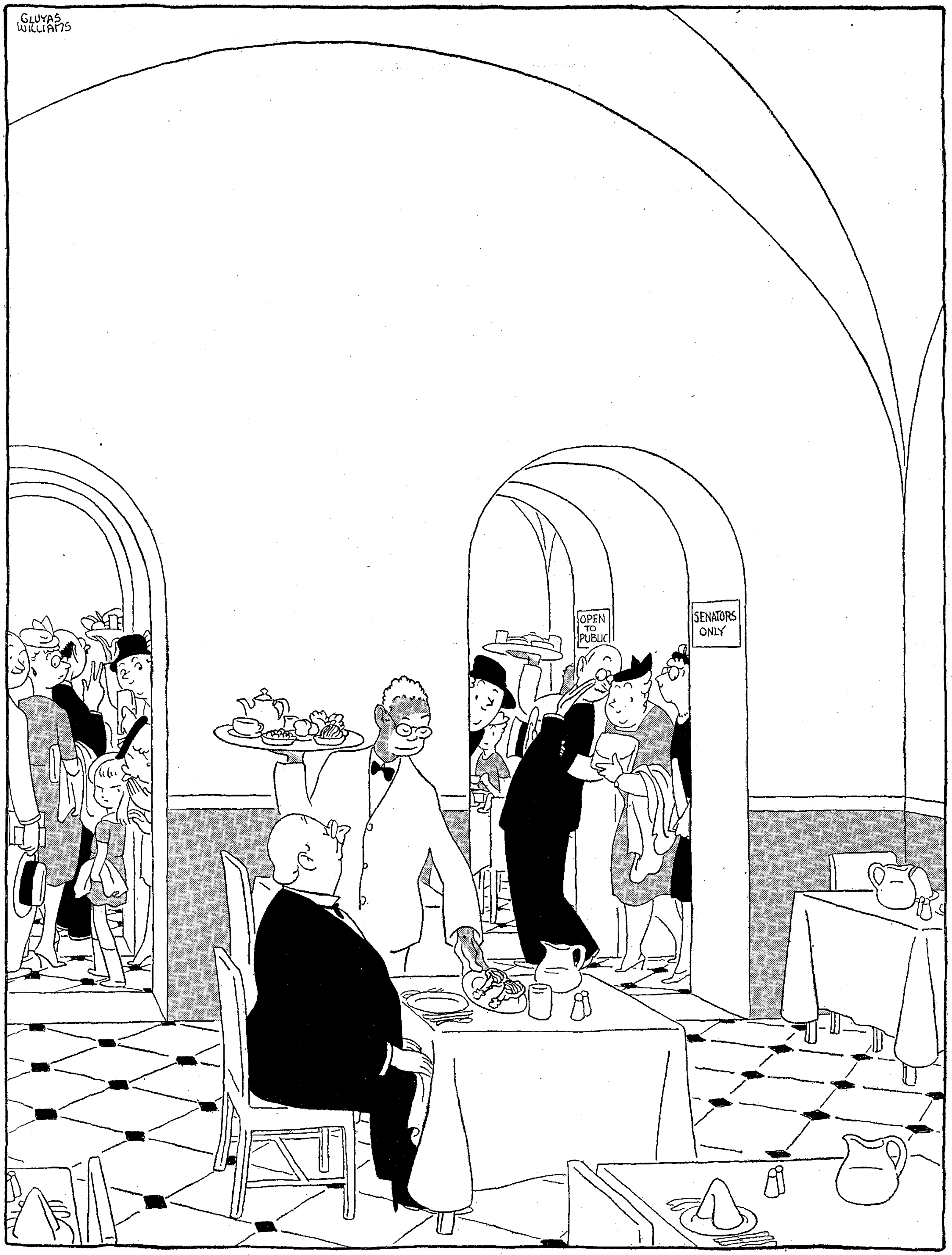
Look at the booths. They go on for miles and miles.
Why is the air so dark, like the air in a dream?
Nothing moves. The rags on the frames hang down
But the counters gleam.

Lady, lady, look at this lovely bone
Polished and whitened by the desert sun.
Buy it and take it home. It is thin, it is light,
And it held a gun.

Whispers and whispers, the air is full of the sound
And the sound of fingers feeling and fingers taking
And the rustle of bills and the rustle of feet in haste
And the earth shaking.

Lady, lady, look at this lovely skull.
It is smooth and clean, it is cleaned of all the blood.
Buy it and take it home. You would never think
It drowned in mud.

Buy it and take it home and cram your house
Attic to cellar with illicit wares,
But never expect a silent night. There will always be feet
Climbing the stairs. —MARYA MANNES

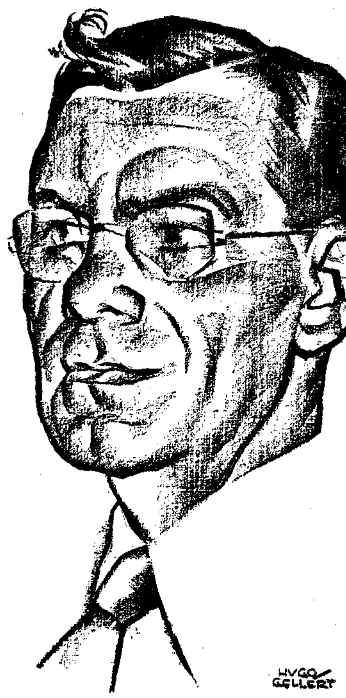

GLUYAS WILLIAMS
OPEN TO PUBLIC
SENATORS ONLY

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Senate Restaurant

PROFILES

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN



John C. Garand

AS the inventor of the semi-automatic rifle with which the United States Army and Marine Corps have been replacing the old-fashioned, hand-operated Springfield, John C. Garand is responsible for the greatest advance in infantry arms in the past four decades. His gun, which has been in action on every American front in this war, from Bataan to Tunisia, has been praised by General Douglas MacArthur as being unexcelled under combat conditions. No other nation, as far as we know, has a rifle comparable in performance. In the hands of an expert the Garand can shoot over a hundred rounds a minute, which is five times as fast as the Springfield can fire. Even an ordinary rifleman can get thirty aimed shots a minute with the Garand. Like the Springfield, which, until the advent of the semi-automatic, was probably the best military rifle in existence, the Garand weighs about nine pounds, can propel a bullet effectively for over a half-mile, and is fashioned along powerful, utilitarian lines. In military circles the Garand is referred to as "U. S. Rifle, Calibre .30, M1;" the "M1" signifies that it is the first accepted model, or Model No. 1, of its kind. The term is usually abbreviated to "M1" for convenience, and that is how John C. Garand speaks of his rifle whenever he discusses it. If he hears anyone call it a Garand, he looks uncomfortable. An unassuming man, he is singularly temperate in describing the weapon that has made him famous. "She is a pretty good gun, I think," he says.

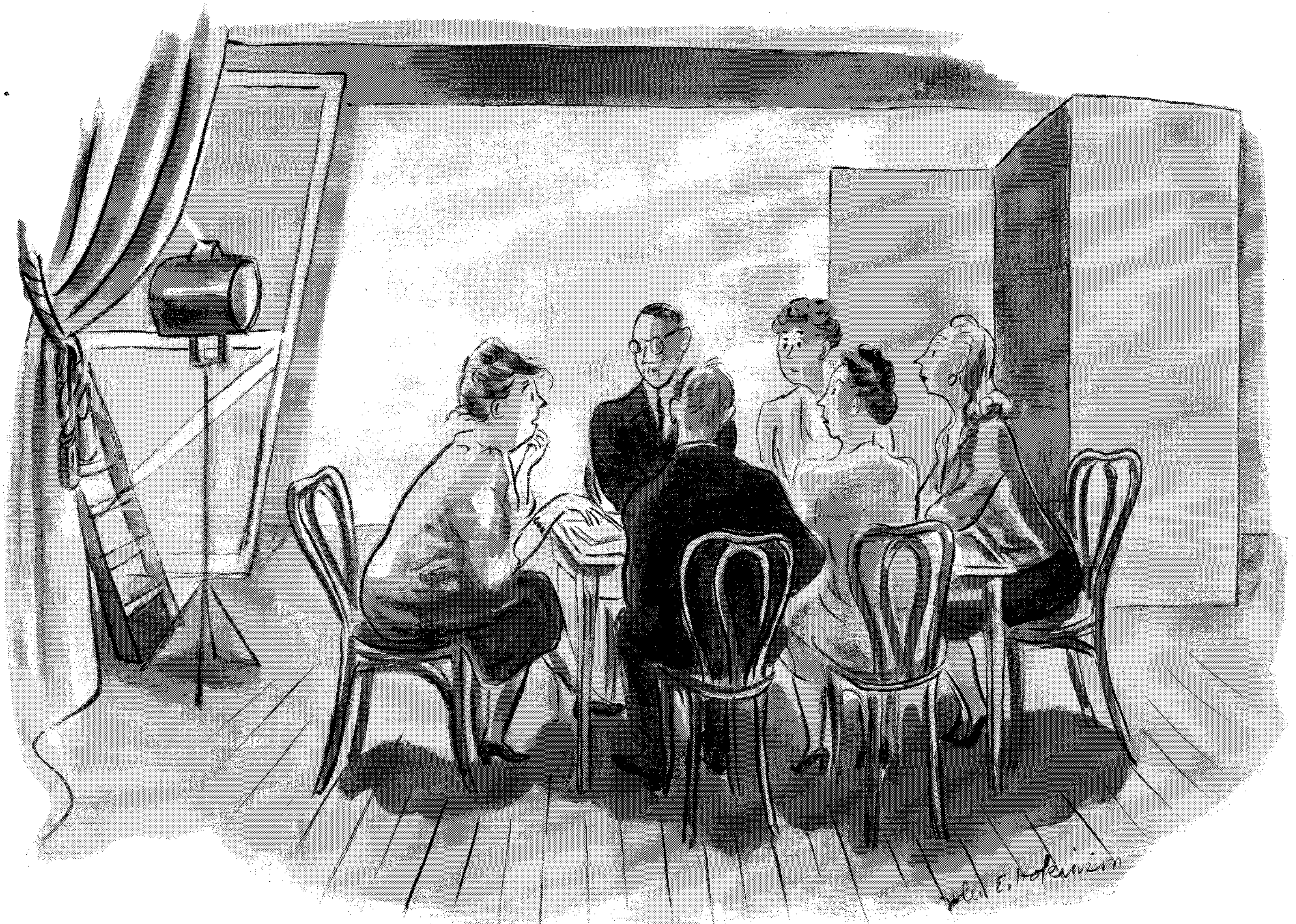
Garand is principal ordnance designer and assistant works manager of the government armory in Springfield, Massachusetts. He has been working there since 1919 and has designed one gun after another. As a civilian employee of the War Department, he earns $6,000 a year, which is a great deal less than an arms company would pay him for his services. However, as he points out, his salary is sufficient for his needs, and the armory is such a pleasant place to work that he wouldn't think of leaving it. A few years ago he waived all commercial and foreign rights on the Garand rifle, thus giving up a fortune in royalties. These rights belonged to him under his contract with the government, and he surrendered them as a voluntary, patriotic gesture. It has never occurred to him that he might have done anything else. He is rather astonished at being regarded as a celebrated citizen and lives in terror of being asked to make a speech. His reluctance to say anything in public hardened into steadfast resolution after one appearance, in 1940, on the radio show called "We the People." A friend made a recording of his remarks and Garand, listening to the playback, discovered to his amazement that he spoke English with a French accent. Since he is a French-Canadian who did not learn English until he was twelve, after his family had emigrated from the province of Quebec to Connecticut, his accent does not particularly surprise anyone else. Garand, however, had been confident that after spending most of his life in the United States he talked pretty much like an American. "Imagine!" he recently said. "I'm losing my French and my English is broken."

Garand, now fifty-five, looks considerably younger than his years. He is short and muscular, with a strong, square face and a shock of grizzled hair that usually arranges itself into a raffish bang above his rimless glasses. He is quiet in manner, neat in dress, and carries himself with a purposeful air that disguises his persistent state of abstraction. His preoccupation with his work is almost absolute. When he isn't mulling over the design of a new gun, he is figuring out ways to speed up the production of rifles. He has one machine gun, two machine rifles, and three semi-automatic rifles to his credit, and at least twenty of the various machines used in the manufacture of semi-automatic rifles at the armory were developed by him. His attack on any problem, mechanical or otherwise, is direct and original. About two decades ago, when he was still a bachelor, he decided that ice-skating, his favorite sport in childhood, would be a healthy outlet for his energies during the long winters in Springfield. After a few practice spins on the ice, he felt ready to undertake a little fancy skating. Since instructors were scarce in Springfield, he went to New York every weekend to take lessons at the Iceland skating rink. Garand wanted to practice at home during the week, but he found that the ice on the outdoor rinks wasn't smooth enough. He solved that problem in a forthright manner by building a rink in the living room of the six-room house he owned. Partitioning off a section twelve feet square at the front, he chopped a hole in a chimney in the room to create a draft, flung open the windows, and flooded the floor. The draft kept his rink frozen solid and he skated in happy privacy throughout the winter. In 1930, Garand got married, and his bride persuaded him that it would be better all around to move his rink out-of-doors. Now, in wintertime, he floods his backyard to provide a rink, but, with war work constantly crowding him, he doesn't do as much skating as he used to. "I'd never have been a fancy skater anyhow," he says. "I couldn't learn to spread the eagle. My feet aren't limber."

Garand has a peculiar memory. He can recall a calculation he made while designing a gunsight many years ago and forget just when it was that a representative from Massachusetts proposed to Congress—which promptly filed the suggestion away and forgot it—that he be granted $100,000 for having developed his semi-automatic rifle. He is proud of the awards he was won for his work but is somewhat confused about them. When he breaks out his medals, he is apt to remark, "I got this one in New York from those engineers—no, it was Chicago, and it wasn't the engineers." Among his trophies are the Holley Medal of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Rice Medal of the American Ordnance Association, and the Lord & Taylor American Design Award. He has to study his medals carefully to determine which is which, and he is not inclined to discriminate between them. He is as pleased with the Pynchon Medal he received from the Advertising Club of Springfield as he is with any other. Although he is one of the town's outstanding residents, few people recognize him as he goes about the streets. In the spring and summer, whenever he feels the need to relax, he can walk over to Winchester Square, which isn't far from the armory, and sit in with a few pals in an outdoor game of checkers without attracting any special attention. He finds checkers very soothing, and a couple of years ago he joined the Winchester Square Checker Club. He refers to his checker-playing companions as "retired businessmen," but most of them look as though they have made a life work of retirement.

THE uniformly high regard in which Garand is held today dates back to the battle of Bataan. Up to then opinions on Garand and his rifle were anything but unanimous. Just two years ago, while the Army Ordnance Department was insisting that the Garand was "the best semi-automatic rifle ever considered by the Army," the National Rifle Association, a civilian outfit of some standing, announced that in adopting the Garand as standard equipment the Army had made a grave mistake. An arms expert on the staff of the *American Rifleman*, the National Rifle Association's monthly, claimed that the Garand overheated even when fired slowly, that the barrel buckled and became fouled with carbon, and that the gun was deliriously inaccurate after a few hours in action. Other critics held that the rifle was too complicated to be taken care of by the average soldier, too delicate to be used in muddy or sandy terrain, and too hot to handle because of its rapid rate of fire. *Time* surveyed the situation and rendered a verdict with its customary economy—"Wanted: A New Rifle." As the clamor grew louder, it almost began to appear that the nation was about to have an arms scandal similar to the one during the Civil War, when many rifles that wouldn't shoot were issued to the Union troops. Only with great difficulty was the Army able to persuade a Congressional committee in 1941 to appropriate $2,000,000 to make Garands. The committee gave a rather subtle explanation for appropriating the money. "We are," said the congressmen, "unwilling to take the responsibility for not doing so, even though it later may be found that we have gone ahead too rapidly." Throughout the arguments over the Garand, the one expert never officially consulted was its inventor.

The case against the Garand sounded impressive, but it had one obvious weakness; it provided no answer to the simple question "Who profited if the gun is faulty?" Certainly not Army Ordnance, which had approved it; certainly not the armory that manufactured it; and certainly not John C. Garand. The notion that the rifle had somehow not been subjected to the usual rigorous tests before its acceptance by the Army was widespread among the Garand's critics. Actually, from the time it was built, in 1933, until the Army adopted it, in 1936, it was constantly under careful scrutiny. After the first Garand had undergone preliminary Army trials, an order for eighty guns was placed with the armory. These rifles were sent to

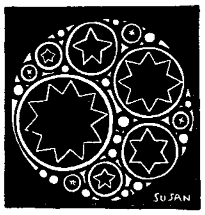


"Well, of course a good sex maniac would be hard to find."

Fort Benning, Georgia, to Fort Riley, Kansas, and to many other Army posts for extensive tests by regular infantrymen and cavalrymen. The regulars not only used the rifle on the range but did such things as burying it in mud for eight hours before they fired it. It worked fine after the mud bath. Meanwhile, on the Army's proving grounds at Aberdeen, Maryland, the Garand was put through all sorts of tests. Many changes were made in the weapon before it was approved, and even after it had been adopted other alterations were made to step up its efficiency. Garand readily admits that his first rifle was by no means perfect. "A rifle," he says, "isn't much different from any other machine. You can always make improvements."

The principle of the semi-automatic rifle was not actually Garand's idea. It had been used as long ago as 1896 by J. M. Browning in his design for the Colt automatic pistol. The principle is that the gas generated by exploding powder in the barrel of a gun can be used not only to drive bullets forward but also to eject used cartridges and push fresh shells into the firing chamber. Garand was the first man successfully to apply this principle to a service rifle. The action of the Garand is not too involved. As a bullet leaves its muzzle, some of the expanding gas in its wake enters a cylinder below the barrel through a tiny hole and forces back a piston connected with the bolt that ejects the used shell. The piston then is returned to its position by a spring, which also inserts a live cartridge into the chamber and closes the bolt so that the rifle is ready to fire again. A Garand holds a clip of eight cartridges, as against the Springfield's five, and it doesn't kick as hard. It is made up of seventy-three parts, some thirty-five fewer than the Springfield has, and Garand likes to demonstrate its simplicity by taking it apart with a .30-calibre shell as his only tool. When soldiers accustomed to the Springfield, with its hand-operated bolt, are confronted with the Garand, they are more or less in the position of the driver of a Model T who suddenly finds himself driving a Model A. It takes training to get used to the semi-automatic rifle, a point that critics of the gun have usually overlooked.

GARAND had what appears to have been a quite austere childhood, but he describes it as a happy period. He was born Jean Garand on a scraggly farm near the village of St. Remi, which lies about twenty miles to the west of Montreal. (He anglicized his first name when he took out his first United States citizenship papers in 1914.) There were eleven other children in the Garand family and no one, including himself, knows exactly how many were around when he was born. "I came in somewhere around seventh or eighth," he says. Whatever his position in the sequence of Garands, he was soon involved in the family's fierce struggle to wrest a livelihood out of the Canadian soil. For a while he attended a Catholic school in St. Remi. Before he was through the elementary grades his mother died, and not long afterward his father decided to move with his brood to New England, where he hoped they could get jobs in the textile mills. The change was approved by the eleven-year-old Jean. "I was never," he remarks today, "cut up to be a farmer."



The family first lighted in the United States at Danielson, Connecticut, but soon moved to the nearby Jewett City. There the elder Garand rented a large house and the children went to work in the mills of the town. The house, by a fortunate circumstance, was situated not far from a gun club, whose members, by arrangement, took to leaving their rifles at the Garand place between shoots. Garand and his brothers—Cécilius, Peter, Climaque, and Noël—made good use of the guns in their spare time. They not only shot game but even employed the rifles to gather horse chestnuts, knocking them off the trees undamaged by shooting the stems. They often practiced sharpshooting in their backyard by knocking pennies from between each other's fingers at twenty feet. The most enthusiastic rifleman of all the Garands was Climaque, who, while still in his teens, saved up enough money to leave his mill job and go into the shooting-gallery business. He operated a gallery at Jewett City and another at Lincoln Park, near Norwich. Often, in the evenings, John worked as an attendant at one of the galleries. When there were not many customers, he did some shooting on his own. He acquired a remarkable proficiency in shooting from the hip. All but one of the brothers—Cécilius, the eldest, whom Garand describes as "a carpenter with the heart of a farmer"—are expert mechanics. Climaque and Noël, both younger than John, now work in a manufacturing plant in Norwich. Climaque holds several patents on vacuum

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CERTIFIED LIFE

The neighborhood athlete is in love again, staring about him with sightless eyes, and that, for him, is the same as having a patent on life;
The corner druggist can judge a person by his face, a talent as good as smuggled jewels, and that fixes everything, or nearly everything, for him;
Corporal Towne believes that he believes in Fate, a partnership Fate has never denied, and that takes care of Corporal Towne;
End problems in chess absorb the postman, and in this way he is taken care of, too.

And so, in some way, all people everywhere, all, all, all of us, have our special but adequate arrangements made;
We hold the right tickets to the right destinations,
Have extra buttons which we use, when we must, to cloak us more tightly against the heavier storms,
Own magic lamps that we rub to change the darkest night into sunrise and then to perpetual noon,
Go everywhere with confidence, knowing our passports have been visaed by a certain influential friend we happen to have in heaven.

And no man on earth, given three wishes, could possibly be at a loss for his first, or second, or final wish;
There is no man whose papers, even for an hour, have not been completely in order;
No one has ever forgotten the password, or totally lost his ticket,
Or arrived at the familiar address of an ancient firm, to find it no longer in business and only vaguely known;
No one, no one ever waits for a bus, long after midnight, on a rainy corner where the bus line does not run at all.

—KENNETH FEARING

○ ●

bottles he has designed, and Noël has a couple on awnings. Peter, the second oldest boy, is a machinist at one of our submarine bases.

GARAND's first job in Jewett City was sweeping the floors in Slater's Mill, which was one of the oldest in the country. Presently he was promoted to doffing, which meant that he had to remove full bobbins of thread from the winding machines and replace them with empty ones. While doffing, he thought up his first invention. Deducing, from the crudeness of the effect, that the tips of the bobbins, which bore various colors to identify the size of the thread they contained, had been painted by hand, he devised a machine that would mark them by pressing them against a rotating paint brush. He was only fourteen at the time. Soon he was spending more and more of his leisure moments in the machine shop of the mill and before long he persuaded the foreman to teach him the rudiments of mechanics. Finally, Garand was promoted to a job in the shop, and after a while the foreman suggested that Garand take an International Correspondence School course in steam engineering which he was taking himself. Since Garand's English was still quite erratic, he first took a course in the language and then tried steam engineering. He never finished this course, but he still boasts that he knows how to rig up an efficient steam plant. At Slater's he acquired a good many mechanical skills, such as forging, gear cutting, and tool designing, and also did considerable plumbing for the mill. He spent his adolescent years at Slater's and then suddenly left just before he turned twenty-one. The superintendent discovered him in the machine shop one Sunday making a miniature water wheel for his own amusement and suggested that the company had better use for its brass. Insulted, Garand gave notice and a few days later got a job with a welding company in Providence.

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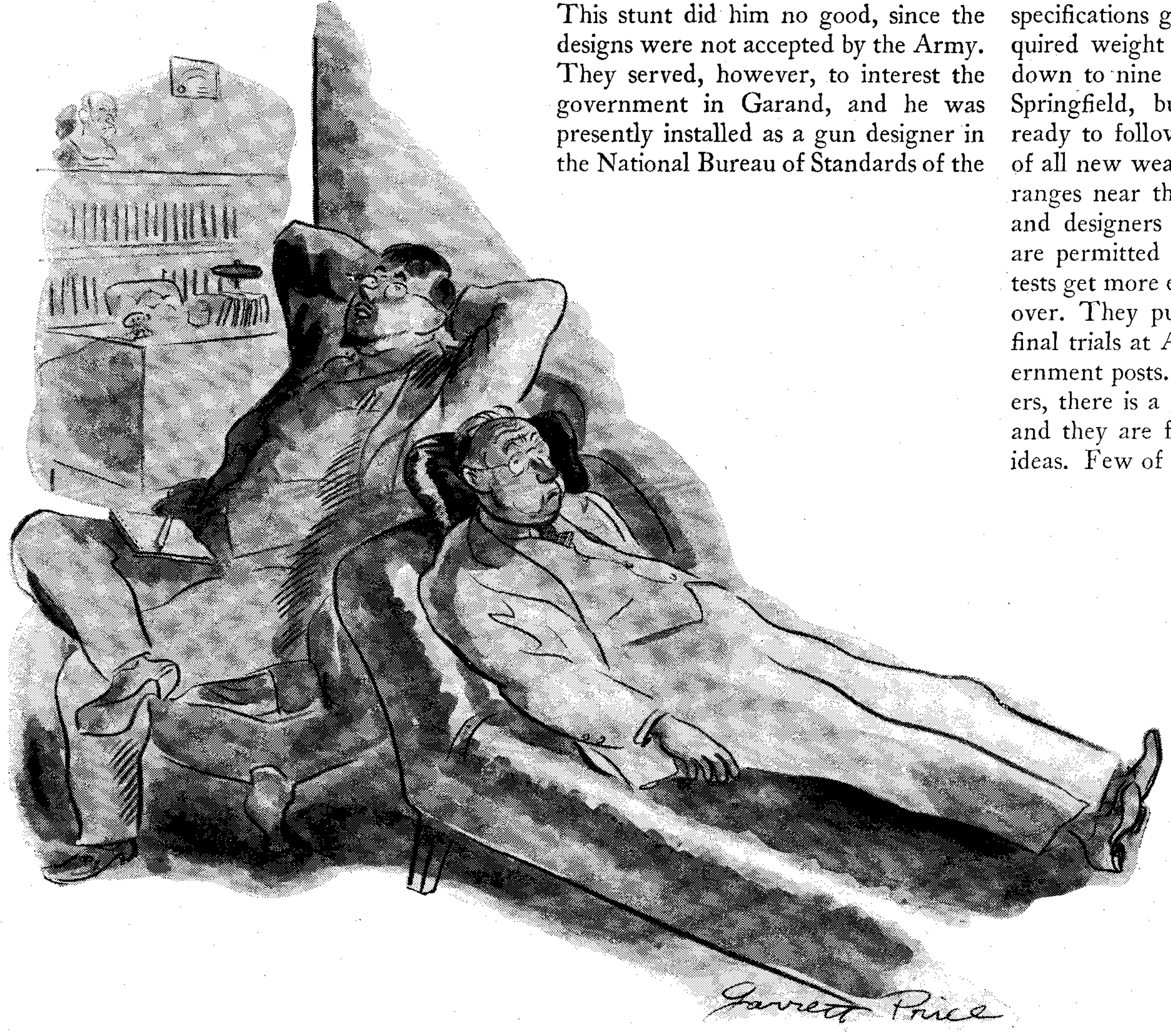
Garand found welding a dull occupation, but he had a lively time in Providence. He fell in with a group of motorcycle enthusiasts, who persuaded him to buy a machine. After whooping back and forth a few times between Providence and Jewett City, he decided that standard motorcycles were too slow and designed an engine of his own. With his rebuilt machine, he entered many races in Providence, and in 1912, his best year, he won nineteen times in twenty-one starts. He raced on flat tracks and in cross-country meets, and was banged around considerably in the course of this career. During one road race, he was tossed off his cycle on a curve and injured his heart. In another, he fell off his machine and broke a bone in his foot. He didn't know it was broken for about a month. One day a friend, watching him put on his shoes, remarked that his feet didn't match, that one was flatter than the other. A doctor Garand visited said an arch had fallen. "Every time I went to him," Garand recalls, "he jacked up my arch and charged me five dollars." On the ground that he himself could jack up his arch as well as anybody else, he finally abandoned medical attention and invented his own treatment, which consisted of elaborate exercises for the toes, ankle, and arch. Today his foot is cured. His heart has got better by itself. When not racing, Garand used to ride up and down the highways waiting for a certain automobile racer who liked to try out his cars in the country around Providence. Driving high-powered Stutzes and Mercers, this fellow could outspeed almost any motorcyclist. But his cars weren't as fast as Garand's motorcycle. "He'd go better than eighty-five," Garand says with satisfaction, "and still I'd pass him on the stretch. I bothered him." Ever since that experiment with combustion engines, Garand has had a hankering to design a light motor for automobiles, and he intends to get around to it when the war is over.

In 1916, Garand took a job with a New York tool-making firm that was enjoying a wartime boom and found a room in a boarding house on Washington Square North. Since he could not discover any motorcycle racing around town, he resumed his rifle practice at the shooting galleries. Often, on Sundays, he went to Coney Island, his pockets full of a handsome salary, and cut loose with a rifle. One Sunday he spent a hundred dollars there, and the trophies he won that day almost crowded him out of his room. On weekday evenings, he would shoot at galleries along Sixth Avenue and Broadway. He never had to pay in these establishments. By agreement with the proprietors, he began shooting in one place or another just as the crowds were coming out of the theatres. Firing from the hip, he would set up a clatter on the bells of the bull's-eyes and soon would attract customers. His neatest trick was to hit a small pendulum seven times on one swing. Seeking further recreation, Garand joined the National Guard and spent one evening a week drilling with the 1st Field Artillery. At the armory he heard that the Army was looking for better machine guns. He decided to design one himself. At his boarding house he fell in with a broker, who promised to get him patents on his designs and then proceeded to patent them in his own name. This stunt did him no good, since the designs were not accepted by the Army. They served, however, to interest the government in Garand, and he was presently installed as a gun designer in the National Bureau of Standards of the Department of Commerce in Washington. Two years later, in 1919, he was transferred to the Springfield armory.

AS a gun designer for the Springfield armory, Garand had a machine gun and four rifles accepted before he hit on the M1. It was sixteen years after he had begun work on the semi-automatic rifle, in 1920, that the Army finally agreed that he had made the weapon it wanted. Its development had none of the accidental character of so many inventions. When the Army wants a gun, it does not wait for gunsmiths, fretting over their drawing boards, to come up with new ideas. It decides on the new ideas itself and announces to the country's gunsmiths that at a certain time guns of a given specification will be accepted for trial. After each trial, it proceeds to stiffen up on its requirements until eventually it gets the gun it wants. The first semi-automatics Garand designed weighed as much as fourteen pounds, the maximum then specified by the Army. Subsequent changes in the specifications gradually brought the required weight of the proposed weapon down to nine pounds, the same as the Springfield, but Garand was always ready to follow suit. Preliminary trials of all new weapons are held on various ranges near the government armories, and designers who have entered guns are permitted to service them. As the tests get more exacting, Army men take over. They put the guns through the final trials at Aberdeen and other government posts. Among the gun designers, there is a good bit of camaraderie, and they are fairly free in exchanging ideas. Few of them, however, are quite as generous as Garand. At preliminary trials, he often suggests to rival gunsmiths methods of making recalcitrant rifles behave. Once, when another gunsmith's rifle kept jamming, Garand advised wrapping piano wire around the pin that held the cartridges in place. The rifle worked very well thereafter and came close to beating Garand's in the trials.



"... and then I decided to switch to psychiatry, which is the fourth stage of my life. I'll tell you about that sometime. Now, to get back to my undergraduate days ..."

THE tests at the Springfield armory and occasional trips to the proving grounds at Aberdeen now provide Garand

SOLDIERS ON THE WINTER FRONT

A million veterans on the home front are in action in the war against winter.

It's a war being fought by railroad men to keep the greatest traffic load in history rolling every minute of the day and night.

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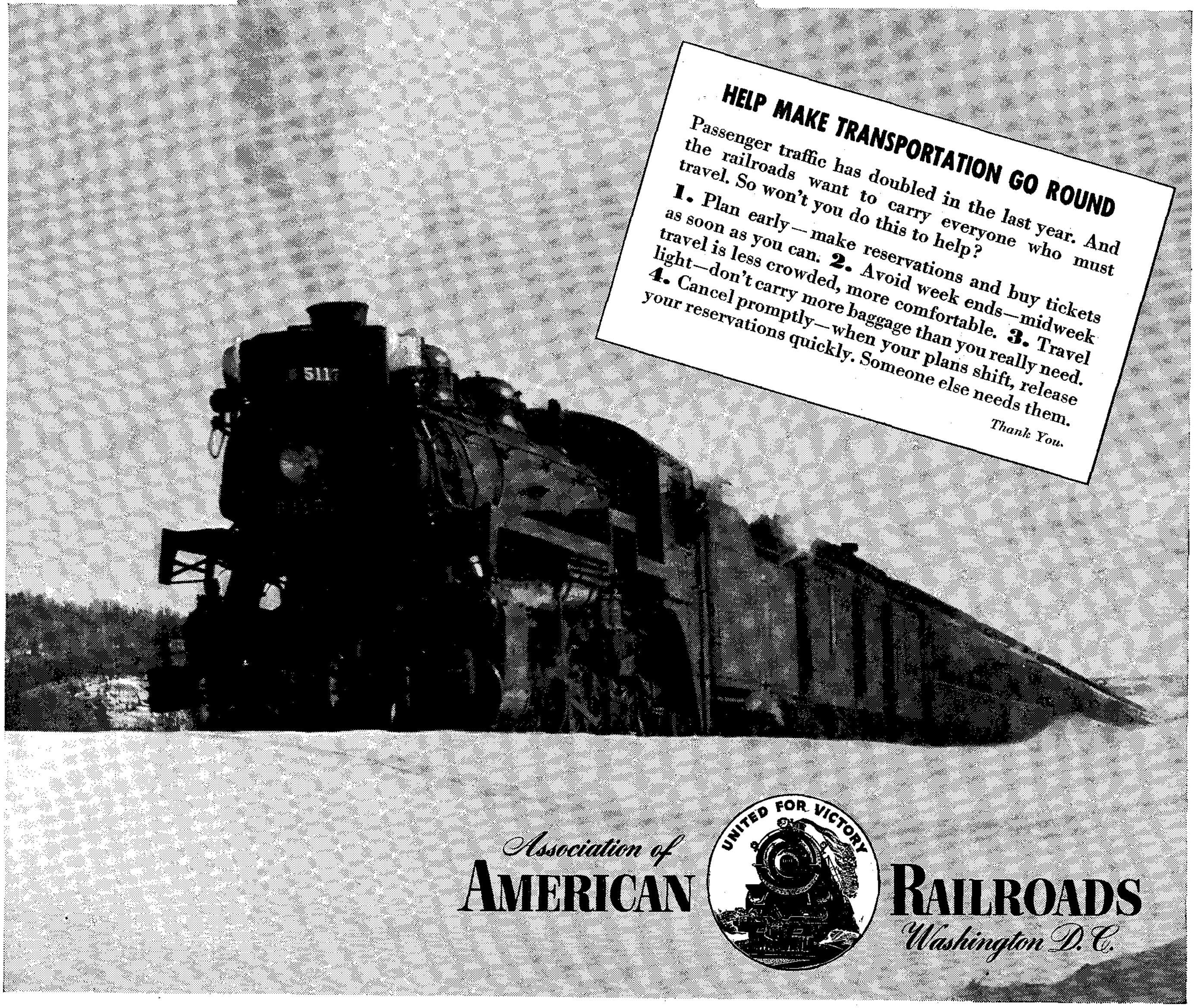
And they'll give it the best they've got, so long as they have an engine that will pull, a car that will roll, and a track to follow.



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with his main diversion. Public recognition of his rifle has changed his life very slightly. He and his wife and two children, a boy and a girl, still live in the modest two-story stucco house on the outskirts of Springfield that he lived in alone before his marriage. His wife is of English-Canadian stock and was working in a department store in Springfield when he met her. A practical woman, she sometimes thinks it would be nice if Garand could exchange a bit of glory for hard cash, but she has never interfered when he has decided to give up his patent rights. They are both interested in flowers and bridge. Although he has abandoned hope of becoming an expert figure skater, he is instructing his daughter, who is eleven, and has made a first-rate marksman out of his son, who is ten. He is fond of any sort of theoretical discussion, and doesn't hesitate to contribute his share of armchair strategy when talking over the war.

Garand's working day is active. He usually gets to the armory before eight in the morning and seldom leaves before five. Practically everybody at the shop calls him John, even the grave young ordnance officers who work with him. They are continually amazed at his knowledge of engineering. "He's had no real training in mathematics," one of them pointed out recently, "and yet he makes the rest of us feel like dummies." Garand's interest in engineering is so great that he reads almost nothing but handbooks on the subject. The only periodicals he takes are *Engineering*, *The American Machinist*, *Machinery Magazine*, *Metal Progress*, and the like. He makes a point, though, of not reading about other gun designs. He is afraid that when a problem gets tough he will unconsciously fall back on somebody else's solution. Although the Army doesn't permit him to discuss the work he has in progress, it puts no restrictions on his comings and goings. Every once in a while some melodramatic acquaintance mentions the possibility that the enemy might try to capture him. This notion just amuses him. "What good would I do them?" he inquires. "They know all about the M1 and it would take them two years to tool up to mass-produce any other gun I happened to design. And, by God, I think we ought to win the war in two years."

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

Nick put his arms around Betty and tilted up her chin in the palm of his free hand.—*From a story in Collier's.*

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THE THEATRE

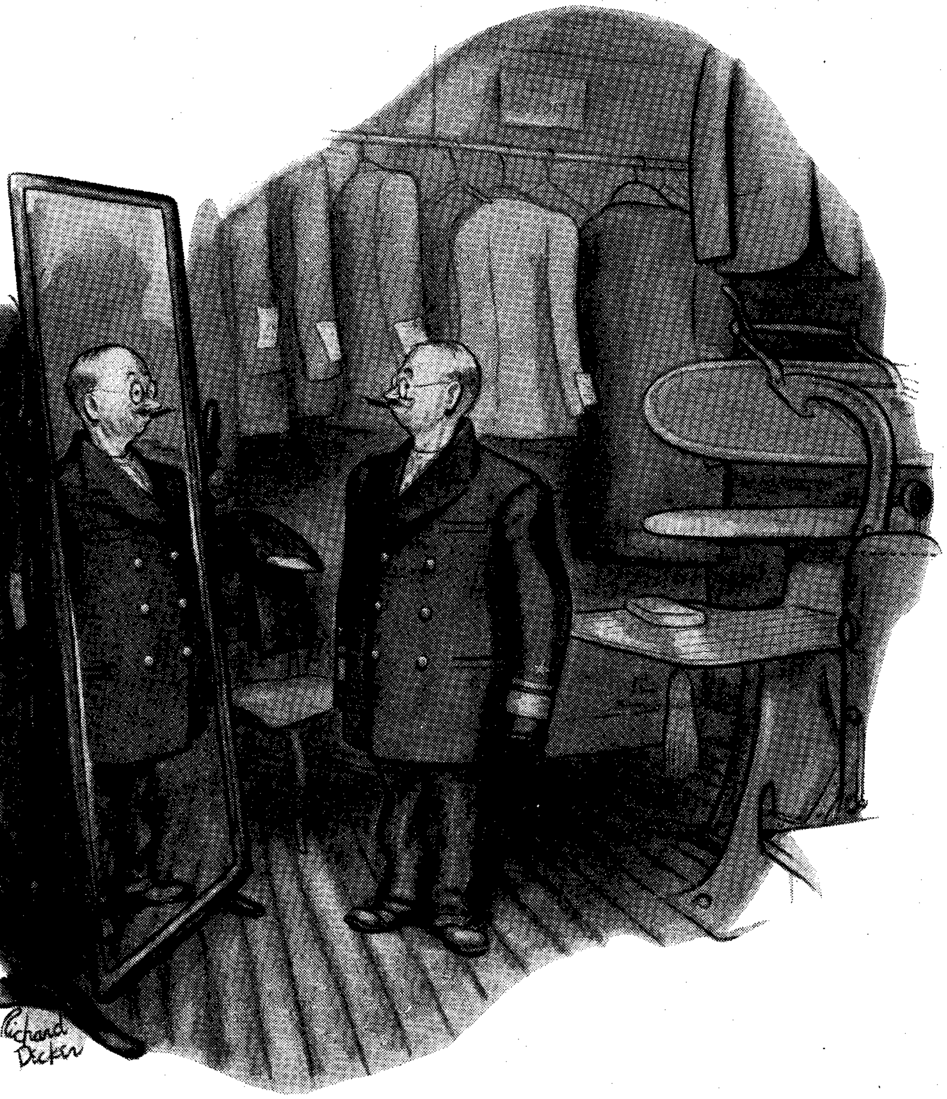
BIRTH OF A NATION

THERE are, it seems to me, a good many obstacles to be hurdled by a playwright who has made up his mind to tamper with history, and we had better list them numerically:

1. A modern actor almost invariably looks jocose when made up to represent a celebrated figure out of the past. The darky butler, who is really much more like a member of the family, comes in and announces "General George Washington," but what enters is just a man of customary stature, troubled by an unusual arrangement of hair, through which he peers anxiously, like a poodle. This is, of course, nobody's fault; it is simply a condition to be faced in a trade that has to suggest giants with the best available material. I except Raymond Massey's Lincoln and Helen Hayes' Victoria from this generality, but no others that I can think of.

2. History on the stage requires a system of running reference, very unlikely in human speech. For the convenience of an audience, for instance, it is probably necessary for Thomas Jefferson to say, "Just think, it was exactly seven years ago today that I wrote the Declaration of Independence," or for Alexander Hamilton to explain (in 1800) that he would undoubtedly be killed in a duel with Aaron Burr (in 1804). Remarks like these are unquestionably helpful to customers who never survived the third grade, but they are apt to sound moderately queer when delivered in a theatre.

3. The literary talent of the playwright, curiously enough, is often inferior to the literary talent of the statesman. It is permissible, therefore, for Mr. Jefferson to produce a speech beginning "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary," but it is fairly unfortunate if his next lines sound as if they had been written for a B picture in Hollywood.



4. The lives of great men, superstition to the contrary, are not always terribly interesting. They are thinkers and, generally speaking, of a sedentary nature, so any dramatic action contrived for them usually results from a heightening or distortion of the facts. Thus, while it may be expedient at the box office to present Jefferson and Hamilton as the warring forces of good and evil, practically undiluted, it is also apt to be mildly distressing to the precise historian.

5. In these days, unfortunately, there is little justification for a costume piece unless some parallel can be drawn between the problems of the period and the struggle which confronts us now. That there are such parallels certainly nobody will deny. It is simply a question of whether it is advisable to bat the audience over the head with them until a state bordering on stupefaction is produced.

These in the main are my complaints against "The Patriots," a play about the celebrated feud between Jefferson and Hamilton, written by Sidney Kingsley and produced by Rowland Stebbins and the Playwrights' Company last week at the National. It is a worthy enterprise and, at least when Mr. Kingsley is working from his sources, clearly an eloquent one. The trouble with me was that I didn't believe for a minute that the founders of our country looked or spoke or behaved even remotely like anybody on the stage, or at least, patriotically, I hoped they didn't.

The cast was obviously up against a tough proposition, and I have no wish to be disagreeable about them. Raymond Edward Johnson, a radio performer, played Jefferson; House Jameson was Hamilton; Cecil Humphreys, Washington; Madge Evans, Mrs. Randolph; and so on. They all appeared to be aware of their grave responsibilities.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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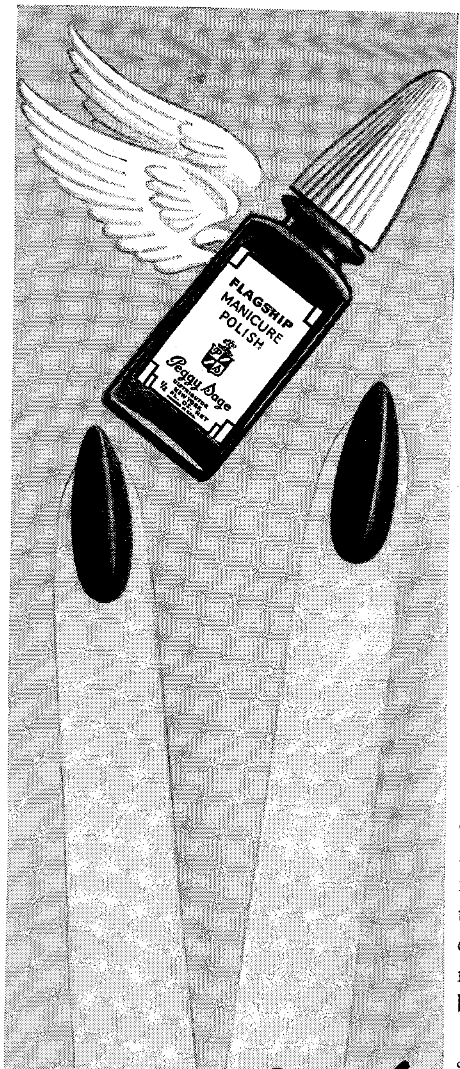

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 31 (BY CABLE)

SENTIMENT in London about the Casablanca meeting seemed to be rather subdued. In general, the public acted like the cautious reader who thinks the blurb on the cover of a book promises well but wants to wait and see what's inside. Maybe there was a slight feeling of disappointment that this time there couldn't have been four leading characters instead of the conventional two. Maybe, too, the repetition of Mr. Churchill's sudden appearances in unexpected parts of the globe has blunted the popular excitement which resulted from his first Atlantic rendezvous. At any rate, the average Briton, whose own travelling is mostly restricted these days to following his nose to work and back again, appeared to accept the dramatic locale of the conference with as much calm as if it had come off in a board room in Liverpool. Every local discussion of the Casablanca meeting has centred not so much on the journeys which immediately preceded it as on the big-scale ones of men and materials which are presumed to have been decided upon at the conference.

How to provide the transport necessary for these 1943 excursions is the question which, though it wasn't mentioned in any of the vague Casablanca communiqués, is at last engaging the alarmed attention of press and public. Suddenly every Briton seems to have awakened from a comfortable night's slumbers and seen a periscope in his backyard. Past official statements on the U-boat problem, from the Prime Minister downward, have tended to lull people into feeling that it was bad, but not so bad that it couldn't be licked. Right now the sombre certainty is that the situation couldn't be worse. Lots of people are saying that this is one of the occasions when ignorance isn't bliss and that it would be less dangerous to relax the official secrecy about our shipping losses, even at the risk of informing the enemy, than to allow the present state of anxiety to continue, since it gives rise to fears that matters are even graver than they were in 1917. Now that the jubilation over Allied land successes is moderating, people are soberly remembering that the sea is the battlefield on which the outcome of the war really depends. If the impending Parliamentary U-boat debate is held in secret, as has been proposed, it won't do much to dispel the growing uneasiness of the public, which wants more assurance than it has had so far that the next twelvemonth won't see the boys all dressed up and plenty of places to go if only they could get there.

POSSIBLY a peek at the figures on the number of ships being sunk would also help cajole people into going slow on the precious wheat loaf. In an effort to avoid rationing it, Lord Woolton recently called a meeting of delegates from the immensely powerful Women's Institutes, who promised to help his campaign along and sped back to their village centres to urge some three hundred thousand members to push still more potatoes down their families' throats. Strictly vegetarian dishes are shortly to appear, marked with a persuasive "V," on restaurant menus, and at least one London railway station is doing a brisk trade with baked potatoes for a between-trains snack instead of the now unpatriotic sandwich. Even if bread is not to be rationed, the general feeling is that the food situation, which right now is pretty good, soon won't be so good. The cheese ration, for instance, which has stood at a liberal eight ounces a week for some time, is about to be cut in half, a big hardship for the wives of workingmen, since they will have to find something equally filling but not "on points" to put in the daily lunchbox.

WIVES of all sorts of men come within the scope of the new Bevin regulations, which are to take effect shortly. These, in addition to providing a close check on possibly slippery female labor by insisting that employers notify the Labor Exchange when a woman worker leaves them, will direct all childless married women under forty-five to take part-time jobs within a reasonable distance from their homes. Housewives have been, oddly enough, officially designated one of the "unoccupied classes," but it looks as though the days of many of them are not going to be so very leisured in the future, divided as they will be between household chores and office or factory. Tapping this last great reservoir of female labor is the follow-up of a recent drive to make it harder for women not only to get out of war service but to choose what form their service should take. Girls who are affected by the new call-up of nineteen-year-olds can no longer decide that they look better in Navy blue than in khaki and act accordingly, for they are being put willy-nilly into whatever service is shortest of recruits. It has also been ruled that once a girl joins a service, she cannot duck out after the fortnight probationary period because she finds the service life doesn't suit her. The effect of the demands Mr. Bevin has made on the personnel of retail business is already visible in some of the shops, notably in one on Regent Street where customers in the neckwear department were seen the other day timidly selecting purchases with the help of a commanding, white-haired dowager in a velvet train.

THE daylight raids on Berlin were a fine tonic to Londoners. A relatively minor but no less cheering bracer was an announcement of certain small improvements in blackout regulations. For a long time a faction of the press and public has been clamoring to have the blackout suspended altogether, which isn't a likely prospect. Still, everyone is grateful for the new ruling that lights in non-corridor railway cars will be left on while trains are standing in stations. Previously everything but a solitary dim blue bulb in each compartment was turned off when a train entered a station and the unhappy traveller who proposed to alight was left to blunder his way to the door and possibly fall out onto the tracks instead of the platform. The new rule hasn't made a particularly dazzling difference in the prevailing murkiness after dark, but it is a spirits-raising token of brighter days ahead to a nation to which the command "Let there be light" sounds like just about the most beautiful sentence in the language.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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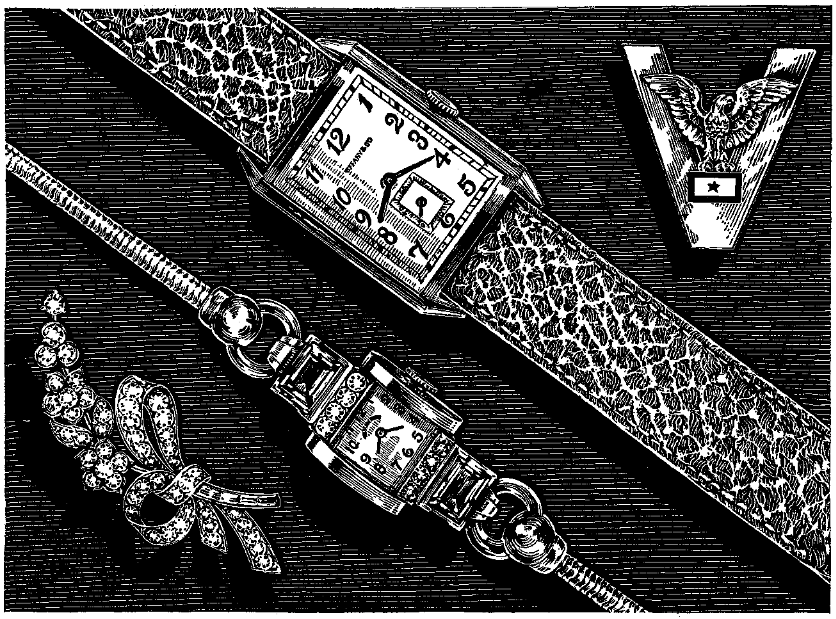

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OF ALL THINGS

WHATEVER else may have happened at Casablanca, the "unconditional-surrender" pledge was a fine piece of work. Now the United Nations will be thoroughly prepared when Adolf the Terrible goes on the peace path.

●

For some reason Hitler was unable to be present at the ceremonies acclaiming his tenth anniversary. His place was nicely filled, however, by those celebrated airmen, Hermann Göring and the R.A.F.

●

Germans got little joy out of the decade-of-Hitler celebration, but one thought must have brought them comfort. The New Order in Europe now has only nine hundred and ninety years to go.

●

Göring says it was the Führer's uncanny intuition that prompted him to attack Russia. This sounds like slapping a man's back when he is sunburned.

●

It is understood that Roosevelt and Churchill have a plan for a postwar international police force. Persons who make like Napoleon or Caesar will be locked up for observation.

●

General Giraud says that de Gaulle and he are united in the desire to beat the Germans but that politically they are everything else but. We Americans know a couple of national parties like that.

●

The cost of living has increased nine per cent since Pearl Harbor, Secretary Perkins reports. On the other hand, the worth of living has approximately doubled since that gloomy day.

●

People are urged to send service men more interesting books than they did last year. Stay-at-home patriots should contribute all the latest works except ration books and Form 1040.

●

It is reported that "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, once Hitler's personal piano player, is giving our State Department helpful hints. Mr. Hull would naturally want to know what kind of music Adolf cannot face. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SOCKED

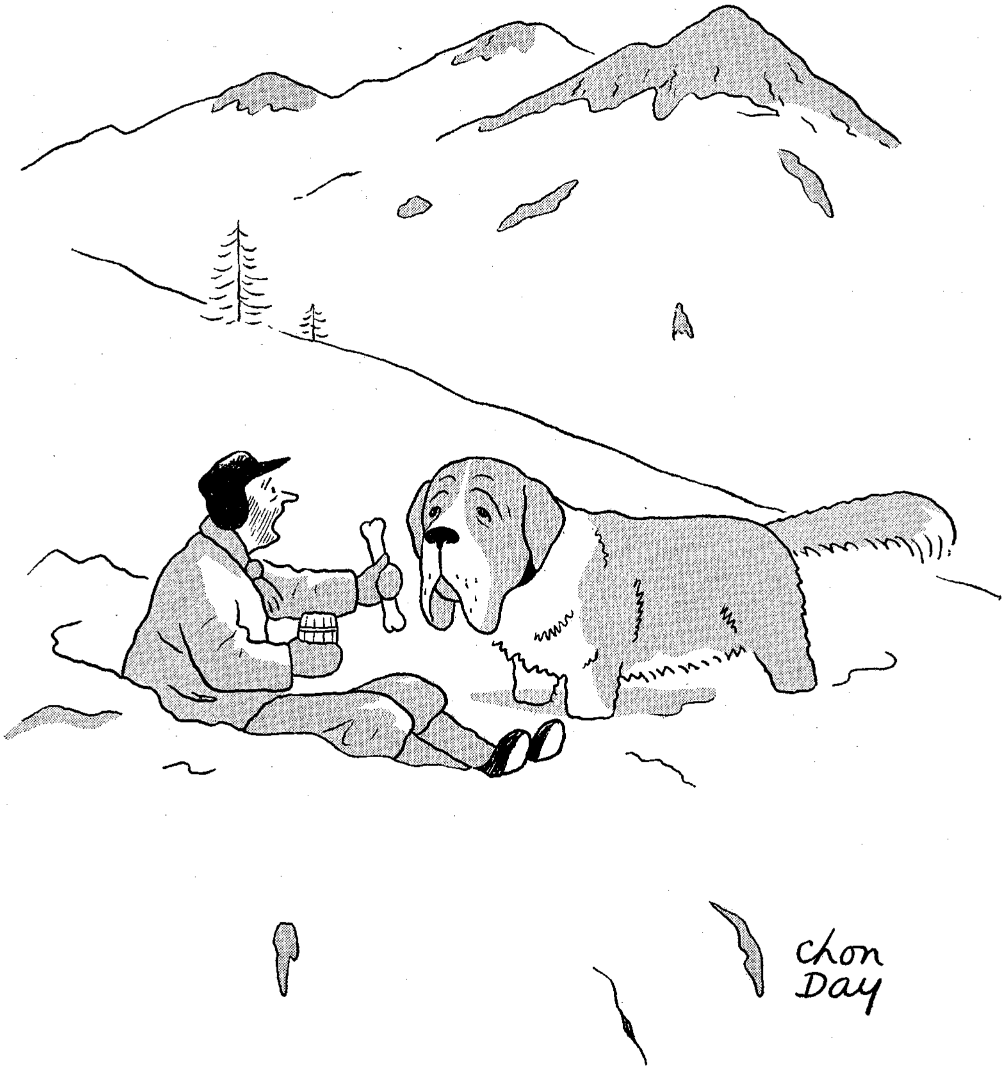
TWO and a half years ago the Lieutenant was minding his own placid business. He was twenty-nine and lived with his wife in a pleasant house in Westchester. A member of what one of his friends has described as “an old Yale family which hasn’t had a thief in it for three generations,” he had been out of Yale eight years and was holding down a responsible technical job in a manufacturing company in which his family had a large interest. He was, however, able to devote a certain amount of gentlemanly attention to art and the theatre and some serious, expert attention to the collecting of rare books. Late in 1940 the Navy, scouting around for men with his kind of technical experience, offered him a job as an assistant hull superintendent in a Navy yard, together with a commission as a Reserve officer. These he happily accepted. When we entered the war, he applied for sea duty, closed his country house, put his wife in a small apartment on East Sixty-sixth Street, and went to Evanston, Illinois, to take a training course at Northwestern University. Not long afterward he was assigned to the U.S.S. Wasp, the aircraft carrier, which was then on duty in the far Pacific, and he was aboard her when she was sunk last summer by the Japs off the Solomons.

One recent afternoon I met the Lieutenant in the men’s bar of the Ritz. He is a tall, neat, wan, slightly bald man who shows two effects of the shock he suffered in the disaster: his right hand trembles rhythmically and he limps a little, favoring his right leg. We sat down at a table under a row of flags of the United Nations and ordered beer. “Now, let’s get one thing cleared up right away,” he said before I’d had a chance to say more than an idle word or two. “I’m no hero. Everybody says he’s no hero. But the fact of the matter is I *am* no hero. I came out of the sinking unscathed. This minor shock I have is going away. There was heroism on that ship, some exceptional heroism, and there was no funking by any officer or any man, but you don’t get medals for being socked, and that’s what we were—socked.”

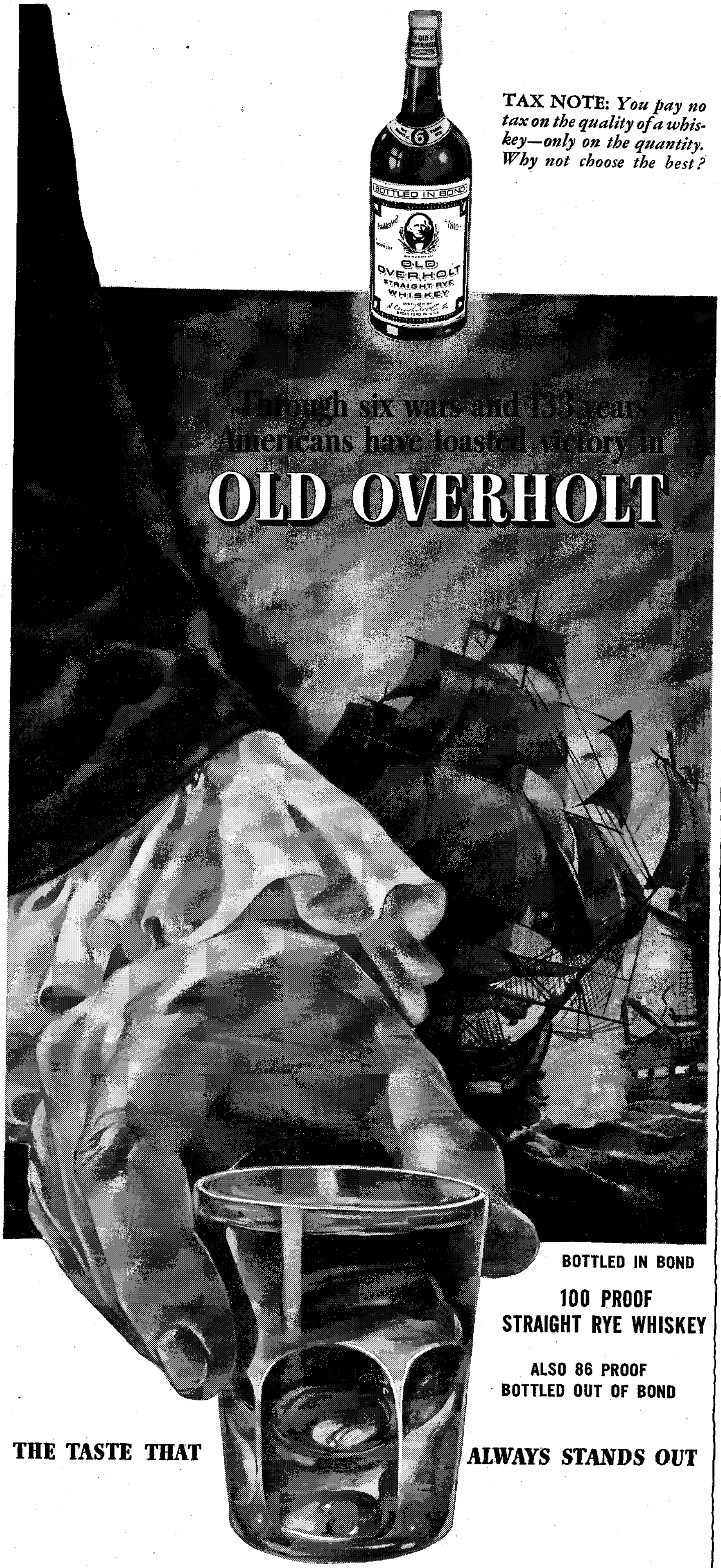
He put his glass down and grasped his right hand with his left to keep it from trembling. “The way the men on the Wasp acted was rugged,” he went on. “I know of no better word for it. Forget ‘gallant.’ Rugged is what it really was. You may think the word is precious, but it’s the word Navy men use. A good time to use it is when you’re talking about the Wasp.”

THE men who sailed the Wasp took a lot of pride in her. They called her the Stinger, usually referring to her as the old Stinger, though she was a fairly new ship, commissioned in 1940. She got the name Stinger when, last spring, Winston Churchill sent a message to her captain asking rhetorically, “Who said a Wasp only stings once?” This message was sent after the Wasp had delivered a shipload of British planes through some of the most dangerous waters in the world to the island of Malta, which was then being bombed several times a day by the Nazis. One day a squadron of heavy German bombers was flying over Malta, pushing almost unhindered through the island’s dwindling defenses, when suddenly fifty or so fighter planes came apparently out of nowhere and pounced on the Germans. Actually, the planes were from the Wasp, and they knocked off the bombers as an incidental to making a hop from the ship to the island’s airfields. The Wasp’s achievement in relieving Malta, the way she could take green water clear over her flight deck and past her bridge in stormy weather on Atlantic patrol, and the mysterious manner in which she turned up in the South Pacific when she was widely believed to be in the Atlantic gave her a peculiar reputation for seaworthiness, daring, and power.

By last summer the men of the Wasp felt that she had used up her time. As the Lieutenant said to me, “She was in a race with destiny.” He said this with feeling. It is a naval axiom that any navy can sink an enemy carrier at will if it cares to pay the price. Among ships of the Navy the life expectancy of a carrier is particularly meagre. The approved technique of sinking one is to blast her defenses awry with dive-bombers and then get her with torpedo



“Thanks a lot, old fellow, and here’s something for you.”



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planes. This entails losing planes and men. So far the United States has seemed more willing to undertake this kind of chore than the Japanese have, and consequently we've sunk more carriers than the Japs. The men on the Wasp figured, in the light of the action their ship had been through, that she should have been spotted and sunk, or at least badly damaged, long before she was. They believed that when her death came, it would come with her own planes fighting overhead, her anti-aircraft blazing. However, as it turned out, the Wasp was sunk by a submarine, which put three torpedoes in her port side on a calm September afternoon. "You see, by God, they got us without our firing a shot," the Lieutenant said. "It was a damned ignoble end for a fine ship. Damned ignoble."

I remarked to the Lieutenant that he seemed to talk like a naval officer who had spent a lifetime at sea. "You must remember," he answered, "that I'm really a civilian in a Navy uniform, trying to do a job. The only ship I'd been on before the Wasp was another carrier which took me out to the Wasp in the Pacific. Oh, I'd been around water before. My family kept a boat before 1929 and I picked up things on that, like pushing a buzzer and saying, 'James, some tea aft.' That's what I knew about ships. At Northwestern we got a lot of navigation, seamanship, and duties of an officer. On the first carrier I learned a good deal and I got toughened up. You'd lose guys, you see. You would talk to a pilot some morning, and he'd go out on patrol, or maybe for some fighting, and that would be the last you would see of him, and you were fond of the fellow. There would be accidents on the flight deck, too. You got tough about such things." Then the Lieutenant told me how the carrier had met the Wasp somewhere at sea and how he had been transferred by breeches buoy.

"The Wasp was a superb ship and she had a perfect organization," he went on. "Maybe the Lex had an organization as good as ours, but there wasn't any better one. It was superb. We were awfully proud of the ship. The older men and even the young Annapolis men were very kind and helpful to me, and we got along. I was put in command of a battery of guns. There was life on the carrier. The old flat top was a great ship and we had plenty of work to do. The pilots carried out their missions and some of them were lost. The Airedales, the men who take care of the planes, took care of them with fantastic dispatch. And we were at alert at our guns a good part of the time. Our chaplain, Lieutenant Merritt Williams, was a great fellow. Reserve officer. Used to be canon at that cathedral in Washington. When the fliers were out, he would be in the radio room and would tell us over the loudspeaker about what was going on. 'Well, men, this is the chaplain,' he would say. 'Our planes have been in contact with the enemy. Good hunting!' He always ended his announcements with 'Good hunting!' and it got to be a byword on the ship. When they got the Wasp, he was about the last man to leave it and gave a hell of a fine example. It was all like that.

"When we were ordered down to the Solomons, we knew where we were going and what for. You see, the Wasp was a fighting ship. We all knew that sometime in the not far future her day was coming. We all *knew* someday she'd go. We didn't talk about it, but we knew. The day before the big show one of the younger men said to me, 'Lieutenant, why don't we go and blast the bastards? Nothing happens.' I told him that before we'd finish he would probably have more excitement than he ever had in his life. The kid said, 'I hope so.'

"It was a murky day, ceiling about eight hundred, and suddenly, at fifteen on the compass, a great big son-of-a-bitch of a Jap four-motor bomber came out. It had two great big pontoons and it looked like a six-motor. It came out at fifteen and went away at eighty-five, just across our bow. He was as surprised as we were, and our position was given away. This destiny we were talking about was approaching."

THE Lieutenant and I ordered another beer. "The morning of the show," he continued, "some of our planes shot down an unidentified plane right in front of us. We *knew* our position was given away." The ship's crew was at modified battle stations, which meant that the guns were always ready and the men were always at them. About two in the afternoon the Lieutenant went to the paymaster's office and worked on some reports for half an hour and then returned to his station. "The men had to be there all the time," he said, "and so I spent all the time I could there, too. We would have coffee and sandwiches sent to us. Well, at fourteen-fifty—that's two-fifty in the afternoon—they hit us. The first torpedo hit right at the paymaster's office, so I just missed it. It struck from great depth, travelling upward at an angle and striking right at the waterline. I was sitting in back of the gun captain, going over some notes. We both had earphones on when it struck, and I can remember looking at him, and his tail was five feet off the gun platform. And then I remember thinking, what the hell am I worrying about *him* for? I'm up here, too.

"It was pretty awful. The explosion manifested itself on the port side right near a gun platform. It set off the five-inch powder, and a terrific burst of flame ran along the port side. Lieutenant Thomas G. Wells, who was in command of that battery, got his men out of there somehow, then led them through the living quarters just off the battery and out. We were fuelling our planes, and the explosion from the torpedo ruptured our fuel lines and the gasoline caught on fire. I remember getting off the deck, and then another explosion knocked us down, and then another, as those fish hit, and I can remember thinking, good God, oh God, will they ever stop hitting our ship? Flame swept everywhere—over the flight deck, belowdecks—and paint and cordite burned, and there wasn't a chance of firing a shell, because you couldn't see a damned thing. I yelled 'Silence!' and I don't see how the men heard me, but they froze right where they were. Then I ordered, 'Jettison powder and projectiles,' and I picked up a shell. The men formed two lines, one for each of the two lockers where the ammo was kept, and we began throwing the stuff over the side." "Silence" is a traditional emergency order in the Navy. Panic can strike even the best men, and officers give the order when immediate attention is needed to fight a disaster. The men freeze in their tracks, like children playing living statues, and wait until further orders are given.

"Everything began to go," the Lieutenant went on. "We were practically blind. Fire was over the flight deck and we had to get the stuff out. Some of the cartridge cases had cork tips, which were smoldering, and some were so hot that they burned into your hands. The men were wonderful. I remember four men under me." The Lieutenant put down his glass, picked up a pencil, printed the four names on a sheet of paper, and hand-

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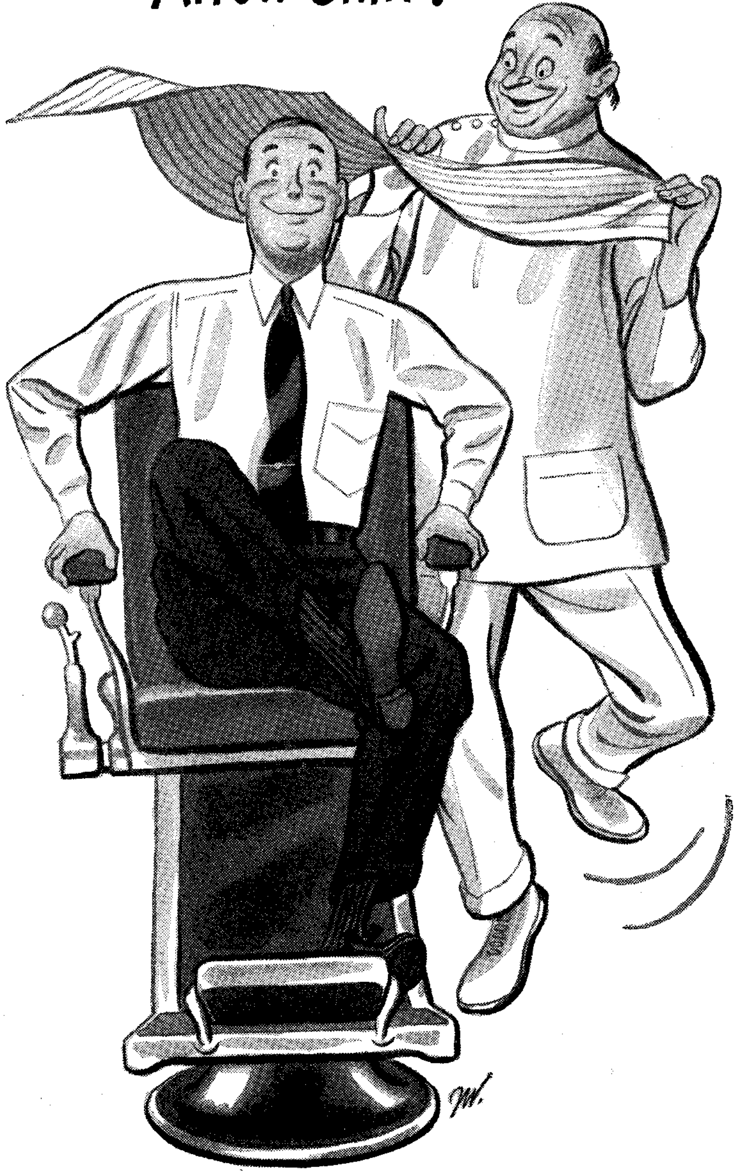

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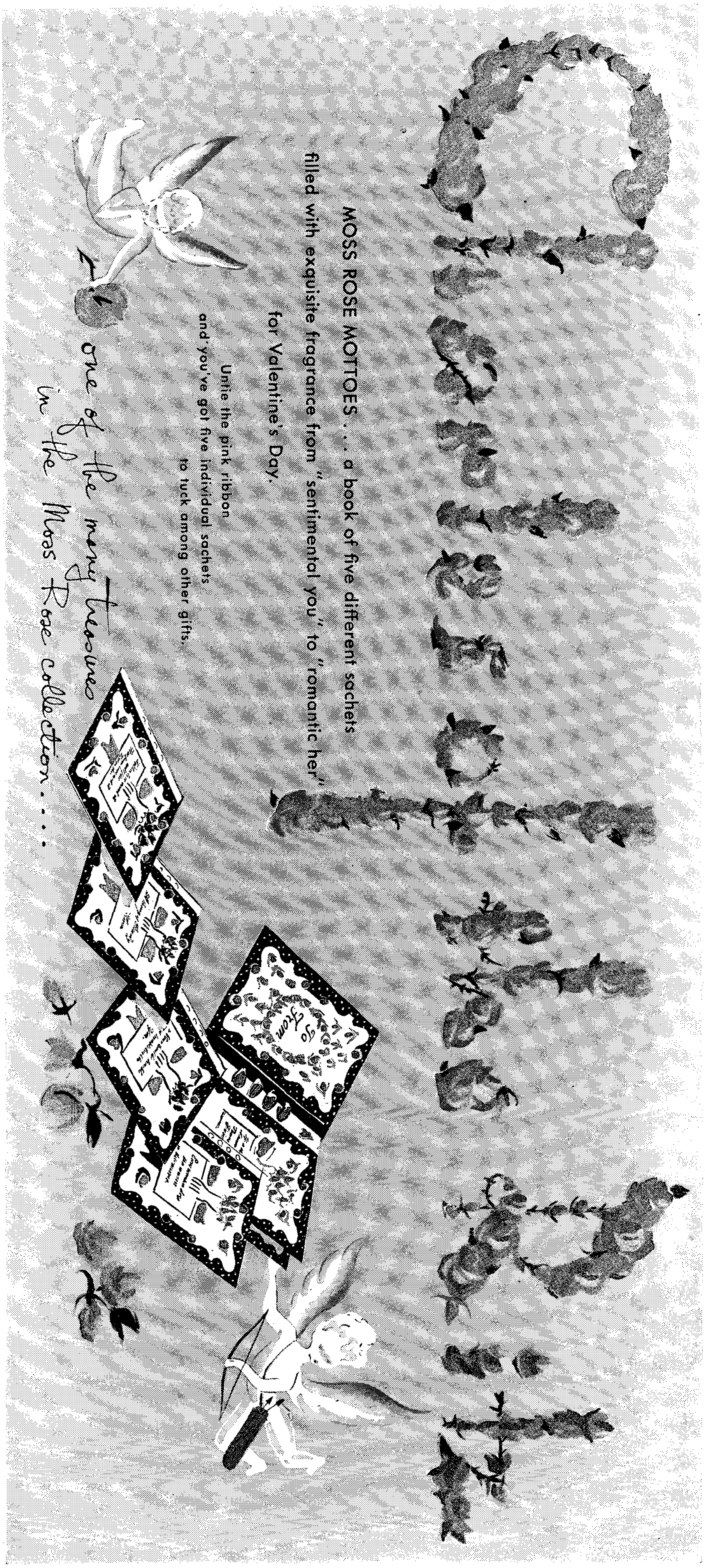
ed the paper to me. "Those men were inspirations," he said. "You know, there are fellows who snap right to when the heat is on, and they inspire other men. These were the men. Don't imagine, though, that any of the other men were panicky. The minute they saw me pick up a shell, they were with me. But these four fellows were the ones I especially noticed.

"God, there were men in the water, and we were throwing cases down, and once in a while a man was hit. An officer on the edge of the flight deck above called down, 'Belay throwing stuff over the side.' I told that officer to go to hell. Plenty of my men were getting killed, and we couldn't let any more of that five-inch stuff explode there. When the situation became absolutely untenable, I gave the order for the men to go forward. We couldn't see, and some of the men were suffocating in the fumes from burning paint and cordite. Then, somewhere aboard, the thirty-calibre stuff started to go off as the flames hit the ammunition storages for the planes, then the fifty-calibre stuff, then the twenty-millimetre stuff, and then the one-point-one was going. At no time in the whole goddam procedure did a fellow funk the job. At no time did I have to talk severely to the men. It gave you a tremendous feeling. Then the 350-pounders started going, then the 500-pounders, and then the great big stuff—the thousand-pounders. You were in the lap of the gods, friend. We had a lot of gasoline and a lot of oil. It was the most incredible fireworks—an arsenal going up.

"By this time we got forward, and I went down a couple of decks to see if my roommate, who usually was sleeping about that time, was there, but thank God he wasn't there. He had got clear. I tried to find my wife's picture, but I couldn't, things were so untenable, and I regretted that deeply. The heat was so terrific below that the ladders—the stairs—were melting. God, the men on that ship were incredible. You've heard of Lieutenant Commander John J. Shea, and of the admiral, Leigh Noyes, and of our skipper, Captain Forest Sherman." He spelled out the names. "They were all incredible men. There was Lieutenant Commander Gus Lentz, a man about six feet two and a half, two hundred and sixty pounds, and very well liked. He was always extremely kind to the junior officers. If you would ask him to advise you, he would. His room was right in the vicinity of where the fish went home, and he broke both legs. He was found, but he told the men, 'I'm through. Save yourselves. Don't bother about me.' He was so big, you see, for them to try to get him out. He died aboard."

WE sat there silently a while, sipping our beer. "I got up to the fo'c'sle and found that everyone there was trapped," the Lieutenant continued, finally, holding onto his right hand. "I don't know how many men. Another officer and I discussed it. The old Stinger had righted herself through the fine seamanship of the skipper. Once she was almost clear over, and there I was, walking up a bulkhead. They had counter-flooded her—let in water to balance the water that came in the big holes the fish made. We were trapped. We couldn't get aft. The flight deck was in flames and men were curled up on the deck, burning. Then another explosion, and terrific steam started shooting up. We had gasoline stored underneath us. I said we'd better go overboard because, though we could get through burning oil, we couldn't get through gasoline. The other officer said we could still save the old flat top, and I said sure we could, but we'd better get the men over the side and let them be picked up by the cans—the destroyers, that is—coming in. Finally the gasoline stores started to go, and we gave orders to get over the side. While waiting there, I got to talking to one old chief petty officer about how to swim through burning oil—underwater, up fast, then underwater. He told me that, like a lot of the old-timers, he couldn't swim, though of course he could wear his life preserver and float, and I kept right on talking quite seriously, and then it struck me as funny that this fellow with all the service stripes couldn't swim.

"We gave the order and the men started going over. I remembered quite clearly how fellows who had been through this sort of thing before had always told me to be sure and take your time and go off to windward, so you won't have the ship coming down on you when you are in the water. Take your time, they always said. It is odd the things a man will do at a time like that. I had done a lot of swimming most of my life. I looked down, and in the water there were men and pieces of wreckage and rafts and life preservers and stowage, and I saw a tiny little hole in all that stuff, way down there, fifty or sixty feet. Well, without taking off my shoes and without putting on my life preserver, I dived. I dived for this goddam hole, executing a nice swan as a gesture to a damn fine ship. I hit the



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hole and I thought I'd never come up. I came up eventually in time to see some men untying a raft up on the ship being blown clear way out in the water, raft and all.

"Our immediate concern was to get out of the oil, because all around patches of it were burning. I heard a fellow yelling bloody murder, and I got over to him, and his back was ripped to shreds by shrapnel from our own shells. I got him up onto a mattress and then looked him over carefully. He was dead.

"There was not a terribly rough sea, but enough to make bad swimming. I was fully clothed, and it felt odd. You see this wedding ring? My lady and I have them, and mine has always slipped on and off quite easily, and I found myself swimming with my left hand clenched so the ring wouldn't slip off. I came across one fellow terribly burned, and I towed him for twenty minutes, and then I lost him in a heavy, twisting swell. Then I got fuel oil in my eyes and a shooting pain in one of my arms and oil in my gut, and about then I became conscious of the presence of sharks, and I would try to shoot my pistol in the water to scare them, but I was awful careful not to hit them, because blood, any blood, even their own, makes them ferocious.

"There were men swimming, and men screaming, and wounded men on wreckage, and heavy swells, and the fuel oil, and the flames, and I remember thinking, this is it, this *is* it. This is the worst there ever can be. Nothing can ever exceed this. I was as frightened then as I've ever been in my life. Then the fright wore off and I was overcome with the most terrific fit of melancholia. I knew I'd never see my lady again, and I was sad, damned sad."

He put down his glass and looked at me. "You can believe this if you wish," he said. "When I got back home, I learned that that day, *that* day, my lady had written a letter telling me she had gone to church three times that day. She said she knew something had happened.

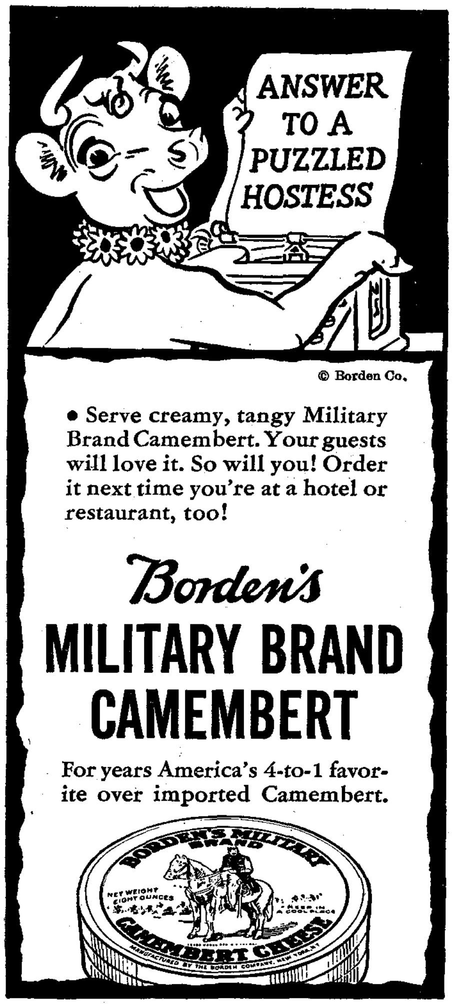
"Well, then the destroyers had moved in to where they had spotted the Jap sub about five hundred yards away and started dropping ashcans. At the first explosion I thought, this will take care of the damned sharks, and at the next explosion I wanted the sharks back." Ashcans wreck submarines by the pressure their explosions create. This pressure will kill any fish or men nearby. Far away as the Lieutenant was, his pain must have been horrible. He wouldn't talk about it.

Swimming through the oil, the Lieutenant came across another wounded man and started working him toward a destroyer. Despite the sharks, men on the destroyers were leaping in to save wounded and drowning men from the Wasp. "I don't know how we got to the side of the can," he said, "but I remember another fellow and me tying a rope around the wounded fellow and then watching him pulled up the side, all torn and horrible. Then I must have lost consciousness. Somebody, God bless him, hauled me up on the ship. I woke up on deck. I couldn't hear, but that was merely blood in my eustachians, and this side was a little bad from shock, but I was really unscathed."

For several weeks afterward, the Lieutenant said, he and other young officers from the Wasp had trouble getting themselves to go belowdecks on the ships which had rescued them. Some of their quarters were on "torpedo alley"—at the waterline—and they wouldn't sleep in them. By laughing and talking about their skittishness, most of them eventually got over it.

We ordered our third and last beer, and drifted off the subject to talk of what he would do after the war, and he said he had always hoped that someday he and his wife could go to some little college where he could get his Master's and, on the side, do bibliographical research. He owns a number of valuable seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century books, which are being kept for him at the Yale Library. When he started telling me about his trick of always sneaking an expensive book he'd bought onto a shelf at home and not letting his wife know about it until long afterward, so as to take the edge off her reaction to his extravagance, I knew that he was beginning to feel at home again—the Ritz Bar and the two-drink commuter crowd that was beginning to fill the place.

I mentioned Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" and the fear many men share with the boy in that book—that under fire they will run. "You wouldn't run," he said. "You don't run. When the heat goes on, the old ice water begins to pour. You get cold and things work. I don't know why or how, but the old ice water starts to pour. Something happens to you out there. You learn that neither you nor that guy you're watching die is tremendously important, and yet you are all important." He gulped his beer. "You learn selflessness, and you know better than you've ever known that all this you're out there for is important. You know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honestly that it would be better for you and everyone to die rather than lose, and you learn it so you don't have to talk or think about it."

I asked the Lieutenant about the captain of the Wasp and Admiral Noyes. "Our skipper got safely back to the States," he said, "and the first thing he asked for was thirty days' leave for all his men. He got it, but he went right back, and he's out there now. After the old Stinger was hit, the Admiral bobbed along in the water with all that spinach. A destroyer passed right by him on its way to the sub and he waved encouragement at it. An officer on deck waved back and the destroyer kept after the sub. They picked the Admiral up later, and he was in good shape, a fit old fellow. You have to have a deep respect for all the men and officers of that old flat top. You remember the nights on watch when she was your ship, when you were giving the orders to the quartermaster, maybe point 6-0, and then a little later, maybe, point 3-1-2, and the old girl would wheel in the dark, and you were damned proud. Why, after all that blasting and fire, she had to be sunk by our own destroyers! I was glad I didn't see it.

"I'm going back soon," he went on, again clutching his right hand. "Maybe a carrier, maybe something else, but I hope it's my own little torpedo boat, so I can really get some of those bastards. It was ignoble the way we were socked without being able to fire a shot for that great old flat top. She deserved a better end." —MARK MURPHY

•

I am debating these things as I sit by the fire in the new home we have built for ourselves tonight.—*From "Design for Murder," by Percival Wilde.*

Prefabricated, of course.

•

NYLON GAUZE BANDEAU. Skillfully designed Maidenform "Alloette" is an uplift type with self fabric reinforced cup sections and elastic band at bottom. Light as a feather, porous. Blush.—*From the catalogue of Co-operative Distributors, Inc.*

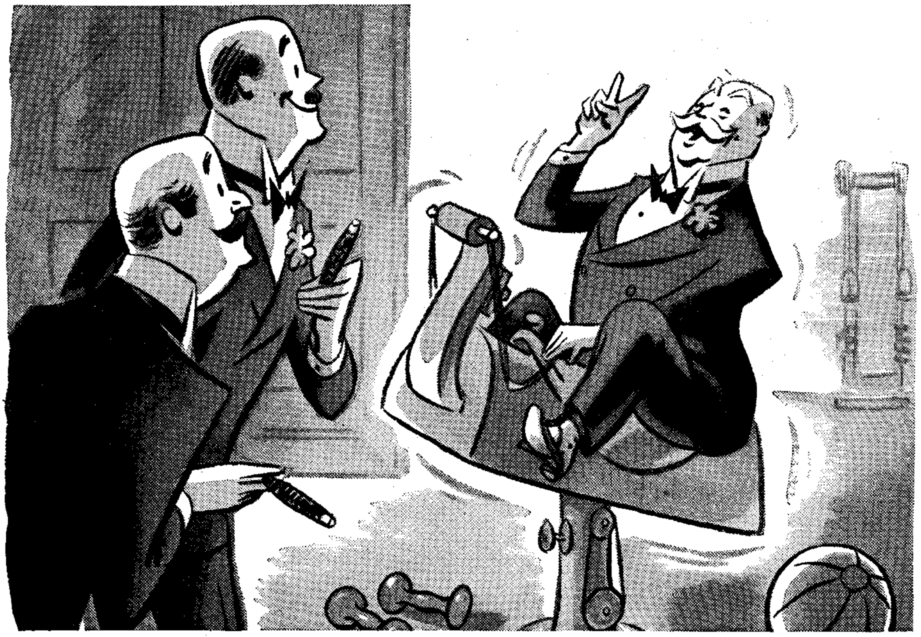
Can't we just turn the other way?

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Adolf Hitler, speaking at the Berlin Sportpalast, September 30, 1942:

The occupation of Stalingrad, which will also be concluded, will become a gigantic success, and will deepen and strengthen the success. And you can be of the firm conviction that no human being shall ever push us away from that spot.



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Our Nation Needs Each Railroad Car"

Our government needs alcohol, too, for war purposes. To that end all Calvert distilling facilities are now devoted. But fortunately, during peacetime years, large reserves of rare, selected stocks were laid away. Of these now *irreplaceable* reserves, the very *cream*—the *"top drawer"* whiskies of all—were set aside exclusively for Calvert Reserve. Refined to a magnificent lightness, Calvert Reserve is—and will continue to be—the *"finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

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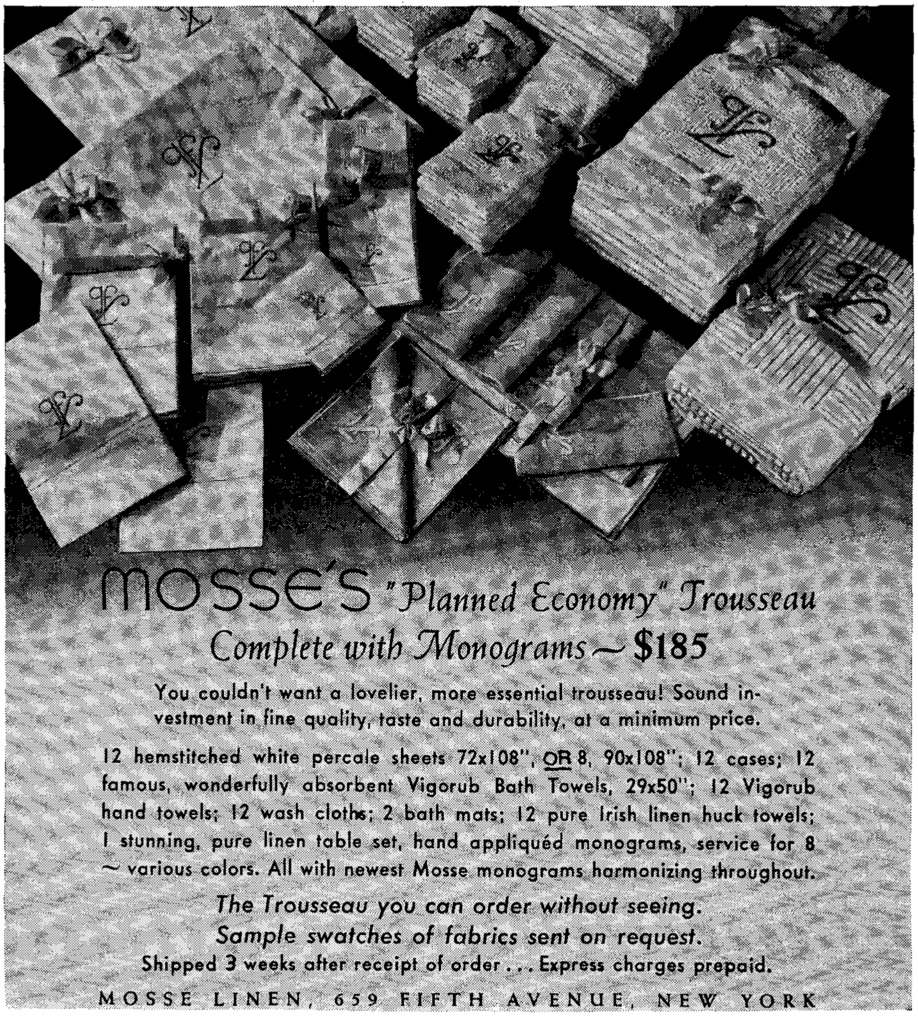

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TABLES FOR TWO

Abroad at Home

THE problem of the readjustment of soldiers after the war is being tackled right now by men in the night-club field. For example, two new places have opened recently which are obviously intended to ease the homecoming of the troops in North Africa, who would otherwise soon miss the glamour of foreign scenes. On Central Park South there is the Casbah, which, to be sure, is not built on a steep slope or filled with criminals on the lam but has, nevertheless, a certain atmosphere, created mainly by extremely dim lighting. When your eyes become accustomed to the gloom, you find that you are in a sort of indoor tent, one of the striped kind generally associated with wandering desert people. Whether or not it is a structure typical of metropolitan Algiers is a point the boys can take up with the management when they get back. The entertainment, which includes the music of Don Maya's orchestra and some songs in French and Spanish by Reva Reyes, is geographically noncommittal. Miss Reyes' technique is definitely of the intimate school, it being her practice in many of her numbers to lower her voice to a whisper and count on the microphone to carry it to the outlying tables. This style is of course in harmony with the dim lighting, and Miss Reyes is good at it. Whether it is too subdued compared to what they have been getting in the Mediterranean resorts is something else the boys can decide when the time comes.

Down on West Eighth Street is Algiers itself, according to what it says on the awning out front. There again, however, the authenticity is not overdone. The music is by Freddy Masters and his band, with vocals by Edith Barry, and the floor show involves a dance team that is as much Cuban as anything else and a chorus line that is home-grown American womanhood. The dance team's names are Lao and Monsita. Whatever their history has been up to now, they should be on the upgrade, because they have quite a bit of stuff. They may not have had any history at all, since Lao doesn't look more than fourteen. He is not a handsome boy, either, but it's probably too early to tell how he'll turn out. The crowd at this spot, being of the modern Greenwich Village variety, isn't particularly picturesque, but maybe Algerian crowds seem humdrum to an Algerian too.

WHILE we're down that way, there's always El Chico, which goes in pretty extravagantly for foreign fixings but is actually an agreeable sort of place in any language. All along it has been the praiseworthy policy of the board of governors not merely to hoodwink the customer, by using colorful scenery, into thinking he is getting something special but to really serve up something special. The performers with castanets are genuinely able to run them, and when certain of them break into song, they often turn out to have tolerable singing voices. There is something a little raffish about some of the cast, and they are all unusually lively and enthusiastic, as though they had just had a drink of Coca-Cola or something, but they don't let it run away with them. In the present show there's a singing master of ceremonies, a lady singer, a lady dancer, a dance team, and some guitar players. The team does a lot of that fine, bold foot-stamping the Spanish like to do when there's nobody living downstairs, and the solo dancer, Teresita Osta, twirls around daintily but with plenty of the old abandon. When the show is over, the guests get up and rumba as though they hadn't been watching. They are abandoned enough, but that's all they seem to have picked up.

THERE is a report, which had better be groundless, to the effect that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are partial to a comic by the name of Dean Murphy, now appearing at the Versailles. Mr. Murphy does imitations, and it is said that the Roosevelts especially like to see his imitations of themselves and often have him to the White House for that purpose. This whim of theirs, if it exists, does not demonstrate a narcissus complex, as you might suppose, because it is very easy to tell Mr. Murphy from the Roosevelts even when he is imitating to beat hell. What it does demonstrate is an implied sanction, by people in authority, of impersonators in general, and it should therefore be officially denied, if possible, and quick. Mr. Murphy's routine at the Versailles is not an unusually bad one of its kind, which is damaging evidence against its kind. The trouble is that if a fellow imitating a well-known figure confines himself to things the figure has already said, he gets dull, and if he makes up things the figure *might* say, he invariably gets foolish. There is a tendency nowadays on the part of these imitator people to think up material about democracy and such, and then they are over their heads.

In addition to the First Family, Mr. Murphy's repertory includes Bette Davis, Clark Gable, James Stewart, and, for a novelty, Charlie McCarthy. Imitating a dummy is something to conjure with. Incidentally, the chorus at the Versailles is now composed of the Conover Cover Girls instead of the Ver-Sighs. Wherever the Ver-Sighs have gone, they must be finding out that their name isn't as handy as it used to be. The market must have fallen way off. —D. E. L.

•

The saunter lasted some hours but never a falcon was sighted. However, the cawing of crows (those watchmen of the woods) warned that something was coming over—and that something was a mature bald eagle that flapped heavily out of the woods and sailed off to disappear in the snow over the river. There were herring gulls and black-backed gulls on the ice and four kinds of duck in the river; black duck, bufflehead, American golden-eye and American mergansers. A winter wren and a Carolina wren were seen among the rocks at the foot of the Palisades and in a sheltered gully there were groups of chickadees, nuthatches, downy woodpeckers, song sparrows (one fox sparrow) and slate-colored juncos.—*From "One Small Voice," by John Kieran, in the Sun.*

Come out of there, Otis—we know you.

•

LIFE IN WASHINGTON DEPT.
(BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP DIVISION)

[*From Town & Country*]

Which reminds me of how the great friendship between Leon Henderson and Mrs. Harold Walker, Evie's mother, blossomed.

Some years ago Evie went to dinner at the Hendersons'. There were eight guests. Leon, at the head of the table, carved the meat and served the vegetables, but omitted the mashed potatoes. Evie bashfully suggested that maybe he had forgotten them, but Mrs. Henderson, assuring her that he had not, lifted up her plate. With a scoop of the spoon, her husband skillfully slung the mashed potatoes across the table and right between the roast beef and the string beans on his wife's plate. He repeated this performance with each guest without a miss.

Mrs. Walker refused to believe this astonishing story; she wanted to see for herself. She went and saw, and the beautiful friendship began.

NOTES ON SPORTS

Uphill Skating

LESTER PATRICK, who runs the New York Rangers hockey team, said the other day that the Rangers would have to be mighty lucky for the rest of the season to be compensated for what had happened to them so far. He wasn't clear as to what he would demand as a minimum settlement, but he made the statement after a three-week losing streak (which was subsequently stretched to four), during which his players had suffered all kinds of damage, the most recent sample having been the fracture of the goal-tending wrist of Jimmy Franks. Franks's successor, one Billy Beveridge, although no kin to the British planner, had proved to be no slouch as a benefit-dispenser. In his first appearance he had allowed the Chicago Black Hawks ten goals while his teammates were picking up one. The Rangers were in last place and their position there was not threatened. There are six teams in the National Hockey League, of which the leading four at the end of the season get to play for the Stanley Cup. These are supposed to be only the cream of the League, but it's a cinch that when two-thirds has been skimmed off the top, what's left is apt to be very watery stuff indeed. Mr. Patrick would probably like to be at least lucky enough to get out of the bottom third, but at the time he filed his complaint there wasn't much chance of even that. At two points a win and one point a tie, the Rangers had fourteen points' difference between themselves and the fourth-place Black Hawks, with only seventeen games left to play.

Even after a couple of seasons of finishing last, however, the Rangers wouldn't be likely to lose their franchise, as the New York Americans did last year. The Americans were a money-losing club at a time when the war menaced hockey's American, as well as Canadian, manpower, and things looked too wobbly for the other clubs to support a money-loser. On top of that, Madison Square Garden, which owns the Rangers, began to ask itself why it was freezing all that ice for an opposition team, particularly a money-loser, to play its home games on and informed the League that it was tempted not to

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Beside great oaken casks in the Pleasant Valley Cellars, where the goodness drawn from fall grapes quietly sleeps, are smaller casks . . . filled with rare blends of proved goodness. Added in just the right proportions, they help to give Great Western American Champagnes their unvarying character. Thus, with the blending skill acquired through generations, is born the flavor and sparkle of this great American champagne . . . Great Western.

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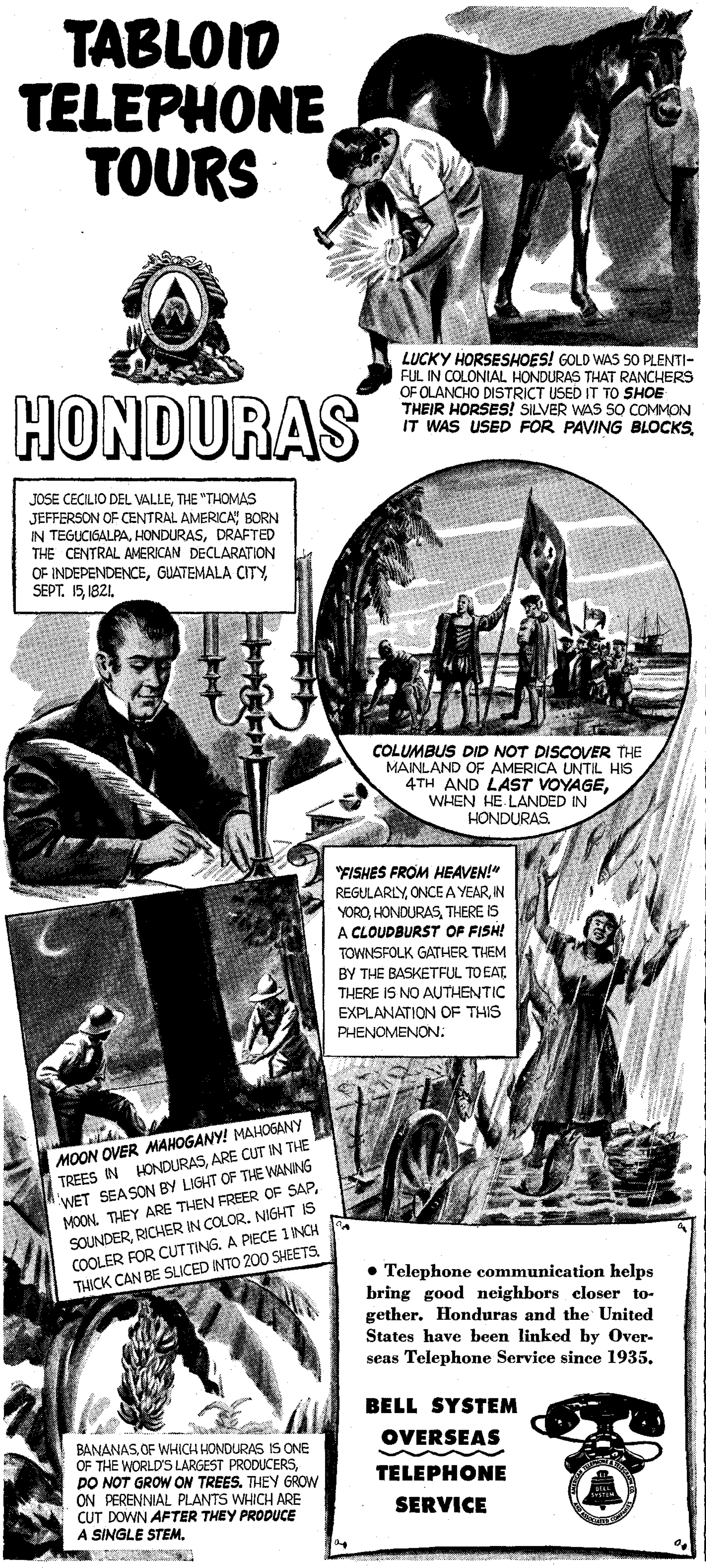


TABLOID TELEPHONE TOURS

HONDURAS

LUCKY HORSESHOES! GOLD WAS SO PLENTIFUL IN COLONIAL HONDURAS THAT RANCHERS OF OLANCHO DISTRICT USED IT TO **SHOE THEIR HORSES!** SILVER WAS SO COMMON **IT WAS USED FOR PAVING BLOCKS.**

JOSE CECILIO DEL VALLE, THE "THOMAS JEFFERSON OF CENTRAL AMERICA," BORN IN TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS, DRAFTED THE CENTRAL AMERICAN DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, GUATEMALA CITY, SEPT. 15, 1821.

COLUMBUS DID NOT DISCOVER THE MAINLAND OF AMERICA UNTIL HIS 4TH AND **LAST VOYAGE,** WHEN HE LANDED IN HONDURAS.

"FISHES FROM HEAVEN!" REGULARLY, ONCE A YEAR, IN YORO, HONDURAS, THERE IS A **CLOUDBURST OF FISH!** TOWNSFOLK GATHER THEM BY THE BASKETFUL TO EAT. THERE IS NO AUTHENTIC EXPLANATION OF THIS PHENOMENON.

MOON OVER MAHOGANY! MAHOGANY TREES IN HONDURAS, ARE CUT IN THE WET SEASON BY LIGHT OF THE WANING MOON. THEY ARE THEN FREER OF SAP, SOUNDER, RICHER IN COLOR. NIGHT IS COOLER FOR CUTTING. A PIECE 1 INCH THICK CAN BE SLICED INTO 200 SHEETS.

BANANAS, OF WHICH HONDURAS IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS, **DO NOT GROW ON TREES.** THEY GROW ON PERENNIAL PLANTS WHICH ARE CUT DOWN **AFTER THEY PRODUCE A SINGLE STEM.**

• Telephone communication helps bring good neighbors closer together. Honduras and the United States have been linked by Overseas Telephone Service since 1935.

BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

do it any more. The disfranchisement went through, giving the Rangers sole access among the professionals to the main local arena and to the support of the local public. Now everything looks jake for them as long as the Garden wants any hockey at all. Of course its acting president, Ned Irish, is a basketball man himself and may impatiently throw the whole freezing plant out at any minute.

MR. IRISH will probably continue to tolerate boxing in his spacious rumpus room, though, especially while it draws crowds of 19,000, as it did last Friday. The contestants were Willie Pep and Allie Stolz, and the 19,000 had a good fight to watch for about six of the ten rounds. That was how long it took Pep to establish control, after which he sensibly contented himself with fighting for only thirty seconds a round and staying out of trouble the rest of the time. He had got off to a good start mainly by the use of his left hand, which he hooked constantly to Stolz's head and with which he once knocked him down for a count of two. Now and then he used his right, too, also for hooks to the head. Doing Stolz the harm he did with these punches was quite a trick, in that his shorter reach and stature obliged him to leap forward and upward almost every time he threw one. Then he had to come down again before throwing another. Consequently, he looked a good deal of the time as though he were riding no hands on a pogo stick. He was given quite a bit of help in this attack by Stolz, who unaccountably kept his guard down around his waist, where it would do him the least good.

NOT much attention was paid last week to the new world's swimming record of 50.7 seconds for a hundred yards, set by Alan Ford, a Yale freshman, but the fact remains that the old record, 51 seconds, was sixteen years old. It was set by Johnny Weissmuller, who subsequently took to the trees. —D. L.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Herald Tribune*]

TEACHER GETS OWN MEDICINE

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 16 (A.P.).—Mrs. Winifred Hunt, a teacher, pleaded guilty to parking her automobile in a red zone. She paid a $2 fine and was given a suspended one-day jail sentence on one condition.

BUS FROM WAIKIKI

ALL the way downtown on the bus, I kept wondering if the two sailors were going to have a fight on my lap. I had started out at about two o'clock, just as the crowd was emerging from the Waikiki Theatre, and the bus stop was thronged with servicemen. Honolulu buses are nearly always full nowadays, what with the shortage of gas and tires and the vast wartime influx of troops and defense workers, even though a few new buses have recently been brought from the mainland, lumbering off the convoys with such signs as "Crosstown: 49th and 50th Sts., 42nd St. Ferry." But in spite of the crowds, Honolulu must be one of the few cities in the world where a woman is still likely to get a seat, because the men in the Islands are estimated to outnumber the women by about two hundred and fifty to one. I felt very ladylike and Victorian that afternoon as the mass of soldiers and sailors hung back to let me climb aboard.

All the places next to windows were occupied and I had to take a seat on the aisle, beside a Japanese laborer. The bus filled up so rapidly with white and khaki uniforms that I almost expected its sides to swell outward, in the manner of a Disney cartoon. The servicemen were packed in the aisle, the sailors with gas masks slung against their hips, the soldiers with gas masks and steel helmets strapped to their belts, since they are ordered to carry them even when on leave. Many of the men wore *leis* around their necks—plumiera, carnation, ginger—and some were exuberant from the beach bars. The warm air smelled of flowers and beer and cigarette smoke. They weren't supposed to be smoking, but the Portuguese driver-conductor was much too busy collecting fares and running the bus to bother about the rule. It is always perilous to ride on a Honolulu bus, because you're likely to be banged in the face or the stomach with either a gas mask or a helmet or both. That day, with one of the two sailors standing over me waving a cigarette, I was also in danger of having an eye burnt out whenever the bus lurched, and I had to keep brushing ashes off my lap.

The two boys were strangers to each other, apparently. Both were very young. One was a blond, innocent-looking kid; when I glanced at him, I thought of a small town and a nice mother who would send him a box of cookies whenever she could. The older boy, the one with the cigarette, was clean-cut too, but that day he happened to be a bit bumptious and not very sober. Maybe he was just back from a battle in the South Seas and had a right to be as arrogant as he liked. Anyhow, the bus had hardly started when he began a conversation with the innocent kid.

"Hi, fella," he said, not quite steadily. He had a deep Southern accent. "How's things?"

"O.K.," said the innocent sailor.

"First time ashore?"

"Yeah."

"What ship you on?" the unsteady one asked, leaning down from his grasp on the chromium rod.

The kid's face grew serious. "I can't tell you," he said. "I'm on a combat ship, see. We're just in for minor repairs." He pronounced it "*ree*-pairs."

The older sailor chose to take offense. "Is that so!" he said. "What you think I am—a Jap spy? Do I look like a Jap? Huh?" And he stuck his ruddy face right under the boy's nose to make him look at him.

"No," said the kid resolutely, "but I'm not s'posed to tell, so I'm not gonna tell."

"I'm a Navy man too, I guess!" said the bumptious sailor. "I guess I can keep a secret! I guess I been through enough so's everybody knows I can fight the Japs. Pearl Harbor I was at. The Gilberts. Coral Sea. Midway. Guadalcanal. Got torpedoed off Guadalcanal, we did. I got picked up by a destroyer, else I'd a been food for the sharks long time ago. Guess I don't have to have nobody saying it ain't safe for me to know what goddam ships are where, and when, and how, or nothing!"

The youngster didn't reply. He kept staring straight out at the tawdry little restaurants and shops and filling stations on Kalakaua Avenue. It was probably the way he looked when he sat in the front row at services aboard ship, listening to the chaplain.

The bus stopped, nearly shaking the older boy's loose grip from the rod. He staggered, lunged against my elbow, and caught himself. Two pretty Hawaiian-Chinese girls got on, wearing slacks and bellhop jackets and with hibiscus in their hair, and all the servicemen grinned and looked them over. Up in front, near the driver, there was a jovial giant of a Marine, who greeted them in a voice to match his physique. "Hiya, girls! Plenty of room if you're willing to sit in somebody's lap!"

The girls edged along the aisle, trying not to giggle. The quarrelsome sailor stared at them automatically and then went back to being huffy.

"So you won't tell, huh?" he continued, his drawl thickening. "Say, if you think I can't be trusted—well, soon's this damn bus stops, come on out on the sidewalk and I'll show you, I will!"

"O.K.," said the kid doggedly.

"You just wait!" The older boy swayed to and fro with the lurches of the bus. "Maybe you'll change your mind about me by the time I've knocked your back teeth out and you've had to pick 'em outa the gutter! Calling me a Jap spy!"

"I didn't say you was a Jap spy," said the boy.

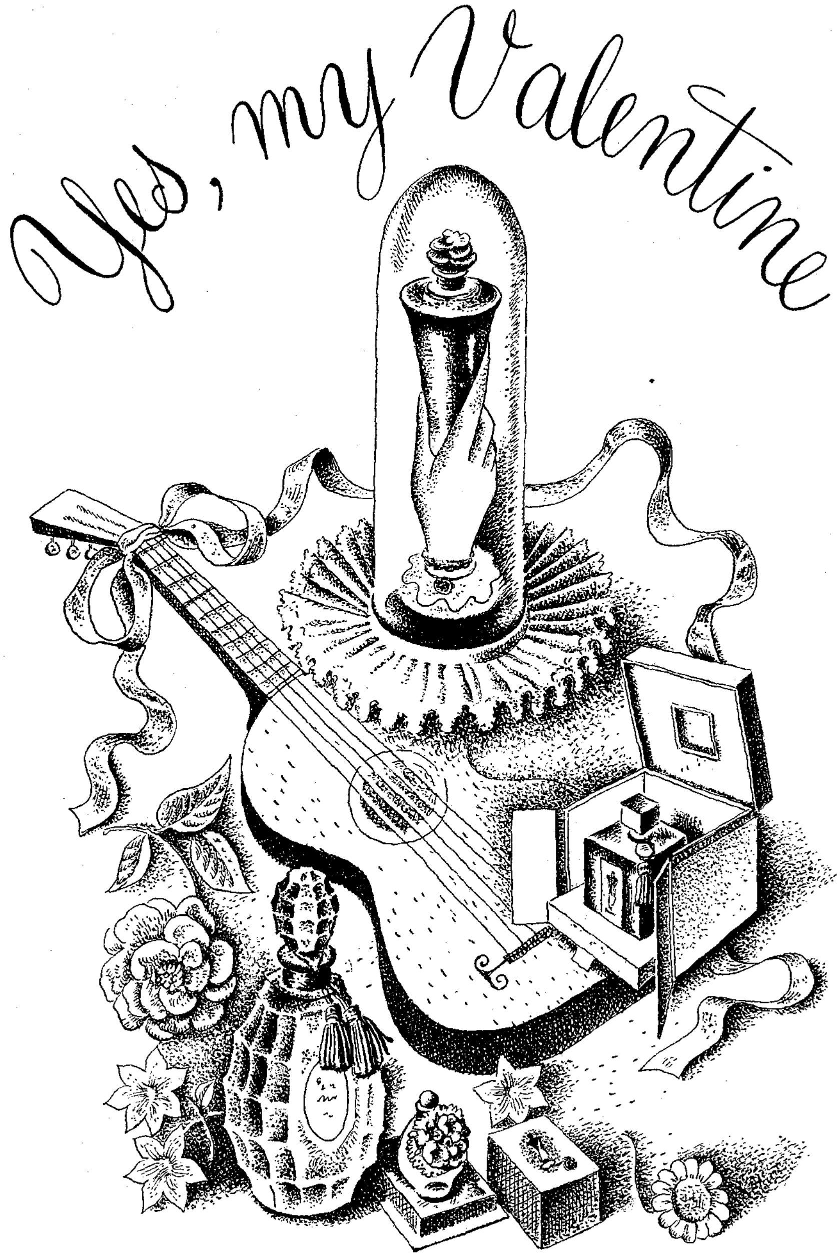
"Oh! So you're taking it back, are you?" jeered the tipsy sailor. "Scared, huh?"

The kid straightened. "The hell I'm scared! Only I don't see nothing wrong with keeping a fella's mouth shut about military secrets when he's s'posed to!"

"I'll shut your mouth for you," said the other sailor, and he wove a great design in the air with his cigarette stub. The ashes fell onto my pompadour; I could feel them, like an insect alighting, and I tried to brush them off.

WE rounded a corner, swung into King Street, and presently stopped in front of the Civic Auditorium. It is used as a roller-skating rink, and through the open doors we could hear swing music and see a number of soldiers and sailors and a few dark-skinned girls skating. The giant Marine peered out, then bellowed into the bus, "Civic Auditorium! Everybody out! Or else stay in!"

Most of the passengers smiled, but the two sailors beside me were too preoccupied. "Or if you don't wanna fight on the sidewalk," the older one went on grumbling, "come on down to Pearl with me. Come on down to the



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Yard. I'll show you some guys that knows what it's like to fight with me. *They'll* tell you what it's like!"

"All right," said the blond boy. "I don't care where we fight. I'm ready any time."

The other sailor swung forward from the rod, glowering. "Oh, so you're ready any time, are you? Then what are we waiting for? Why don't we get right off this bus right away? Come on!"

He reached out with a groping hand and yanked at the cord, but the bus was about to stop anyhow. There was a large crowd of students waiting in front of McKinley High School, most of them Oriental or part-Hawaiian. They looked discouraged when they saw how full the bus was.

"Come right in, children!" bawled the jovial Marine. "Always room for one more!"

A few of the students managed to squeeze aboard, filling the aisle so completely that even the huffy sailor gave up the idea of getting out. His eyes were growing slightly opaque and his arms and legs moved with a swimming motion.

Then I was afraid I was going to be in the midst of it more than ever, for the Japanese laborer next to me rose, sidled pigeon-toed past my knees in his neat, furtive manner, and worked his way to the exit. I whisked over into the place next to the window—the leather upholstery was still warm from the seat of the enemy alien's pants—and the older sailor plopped down beside me, sprawling. There was an odor of beer and a sudden scent of bruised plumiera from his wilting *lei.*

He rolled his eyes upward at the blond boy. "So you wanna see the inside of the sick bay, do you?" he resumed darkly.

He kept on muttering, chin down, as much to himself now as to the kid. We had almost reached the business district. We passed the old missionary church and approached the statue of King Kamehameha I and the Iolani Palace—now the Territorial Building, with barbed wire massed around it and a sentry at the gate and air-raid shelters mounding the lawn under the great

monkeypod trees. In a moment I could see that the fair-haired sailor was making up his mind to do something. He moistened his lips and shoved his cap farther back on his head. Then he leaned down, his blue eyes grim, and shook the other sailor by the shoulder.

"Hey," he said. "The next stop's where I get off. The Army and Navy Y. If you wanna fight, you'll have to get off here with me."

The older boy's mumbling had ended. His head was tucked down like a roosting chicken's and his mouth was open.

The youngster tried again. "Hey!" he repeated. "This is my stop."

The sailor beside me shook himself, grunted, and slumped down deeper. He was leaning heavily against my shoulder; his knees were wide apart and his legs spread out, squeezing me against the wall of the bus, and his gas mask was pressing against my ribs. He began to snore faintly, huskily.

The innocent kid's eyes met mine and his gaze was as grave as ever. "I guess he's asleep, Ma'am," he said. "If he wakes up, would you mind telling him I tried to wake him up?"

"All right," I said.

But I said it absent-mindedly. I had to get off the bus in a couple of blocks, at Bishop Street, and I was wondering how in the world I was ever going to make it.

—MARGARET MACKPRANG MACKAY

•

CITY PARK IN WINTER

Someday when there are tigers in this
park,
Slow-prowling,
And lion eyes through ruins in the dark
Draw nearer, growling,

Perhaps less terrible this place will be.
Perhaps then
Only such fears as men can touch and
see
Will menace men.

Now in the icy sunshine calm and clear
No wild beasts rage;
Only the secret terror prowling near,
The ragged overcoat, and old age.

—ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

•

On her first factory job, former housewife Mrs. Marcilla McGrody works with a gauge. She is the grandmother of one. —*Photograph caption in the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Makes it nice.

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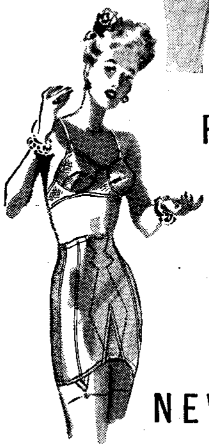
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THE charm of wholesale information, which has its appeal at that, is thoroughly exploited in "Air Force," the biography of a Boeing B-17. It is doubtful whether you could fly one of the things just from having seen the picture, but you could speak a fair technical jargon or describe to the satisfaction of a twelve-year-old daughter the factors involved in getting a bomber somewhere and back. You could also take either side in an argument on the comparative skills of bomber and fighter pilots, a supplementary topic the film goes into at some length. In the selection of illustrative material for this course in the ins and outs, or rather the ups and downs, of a B-17, no bets have been missed. Our heroine, nicknamed Mary Ann by her crew, heads out into the Pacific on the eve of Pearl Harbor, lands on an emergency field in Hawaii the next day, and goes on to Wake Island and then to Clark Field, Manila. Then she takes part in the Coral Sea battle and at the end, although it's not clear whether she herself is still intact or not, her crew, at least, is about to participate in the raid on Tokio.

All this happens in more time than it takes to tell it, and you can see that the problem of keeping the audience's pulse beat up through so many crises is a tough one. It is solved by a pretty rigid exclusion of all dead weight. There are plenty of events in the film, but there's not too much plot and, furthermore, the cast is not so glamorous as to keep getting underfoot. The most irresistible personalities involved are John Garfield and Harry Carey, who appear to be perfectly content to speak when spoken to. One hazard that is attached to all airplane pictures is not quite successfully dodged in this one, but then it never has been. It lies in the fact the two most spectacular things a plane does are still considered to be taking off and landing. In a movie you can suddenly be shown a ship at sea without being expected to ask how it got there. With a plane, however, contact with the ground must be broken and reëstablished before your eyes. The result is that you look at a great many takeoffs and landings which, no matter how much fog or telephone wire or engine trouble is thrown in for excitement, have a certain inescapable sameness. This point is a particularly minor one in the case of an all-right picture like "Air Force," but it's still one of those things you have to think about when planning a postwar world.

You will notice that in the above paragraphs the name Flying Fortress, an alias for B-17, is not used. This is because, apparently for authenticity's sake, it is almost never used in the film. If that's the way the Army and Hollywood want it, O.K.

"THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT," with Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and others, stays on the ground the whole time. An especially sandy piece has been chosen for it—the Libyan Desert, where certain adventures befall a sort of Lost Patrol composed of a sergeant, a corporal, and four privates of the British Army. Mitchell has the title rôle, his immortality being proved by his continued influence, when dead, over his second-in-command, Corporal Fonda. The perils of the desert, which include the Italians and the Germans, are the most solid aspects of the picture and, since they are fairly well handled, succeed in putting it on its feet. There is also a romance, by flashbacks, between Fonda and Maureen O'Hara, which is weakened by the strange difficulty Miss O'Hara seems to have in pronouncing polysyllabic words. She doesn't show up in Libya at all, though, and therefore isn't much of a hindrance.

THE subject of "Reunion in France" is the education of one Michèle de la Becque. Mlle. de la Becque is a Parisian to whom the war means very little until she is obliged to leave town on account of the approach of the Germans. Even then she is not greatly put out because she has a lot of money and a lot of clothes (the part is played by Joan Crawford) and is able to go south and have a good time on the beaches. Finally things start getting hot down there too and she goes back to Paris, now occupied, where she finds that her old boy friend has become very pally with the enemy. She hands him the mitten and goes to work for a fashionable dressmaker. The next reality that confronts her is an American R.A.F. pilot who has been shot down and is trying to sneak back to England. She undertakes to help him and what with one thing and another gets to be a firm patriot, with nothing but scorn for her old, heedless self.

This is of course a commendable enough idea and might have resulted in something good if it hadn't become coated with a certain glossy finish which has obscured its original wholesome qualities. It's hard to say whether Miss Crawford wears all those nifty clothes to show what a giddy character she is at first or whether she is a giddy character at first just to justify all those clothes, but once the latter possibility occurs to you, you can't shake it off. In any event, there is a noticeable tendency toward merely reciting lines, as opposed to solid acting, not only in Miss Crawford's performance but also in Philip Dorn's as the friend and John Wayne's as the flyer. Maybe they all have a distaste for exhibitionism.

THE Mexican picture "Seda, Sangre, y Sol" appears to be approximately the same thing as a Hollywood article of a year or so ago called "Blood and Sand," especially since *sangre* means "blood" and *y* means "and." The *seda* and *sol,* meaning "silk" and "sun" respectively, are deviations, but the parallel still holds. Both films are about bull-fighting and the plots, both negligible, are pretty much alike. On the same program with the Mexican version, now at the World Theatre, are two Mexican shorts, one featuring Cantinflas, who is not, as Charlie Chaplin is said to have said, one of the world's greatest clowns, and the other Carmen Amaya, who is one of the world's greatest dancers, if that's what Mr. Chaplin was thinking of.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

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Harry McGill was admitted to the Packer hospital on Tuesday. His daughter, Mrs. Paul Mills, and grandson, Philip Mills, of Wyalusing, are also patients there and his son, Harry Jr., is ill at home.

—*Same paper, same day, same page.*

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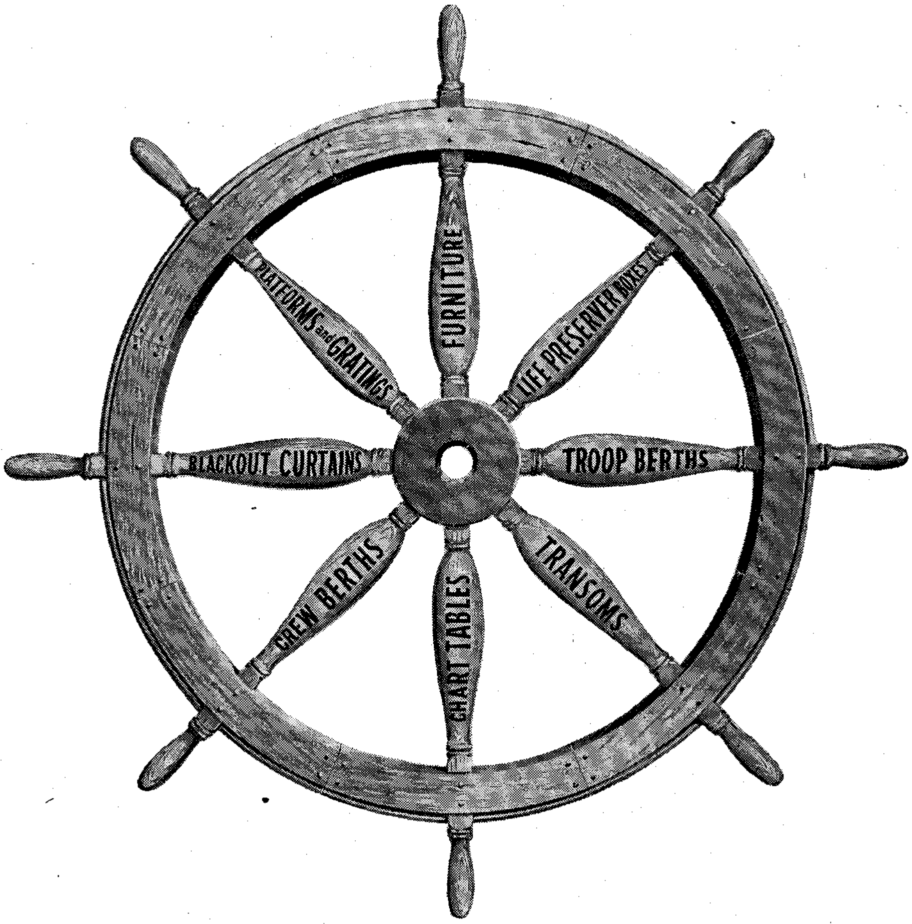

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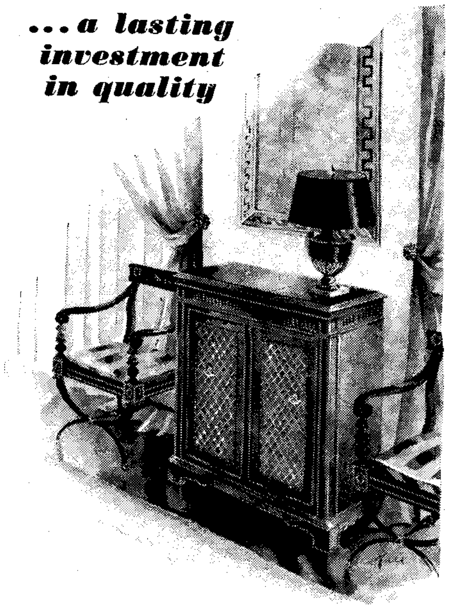

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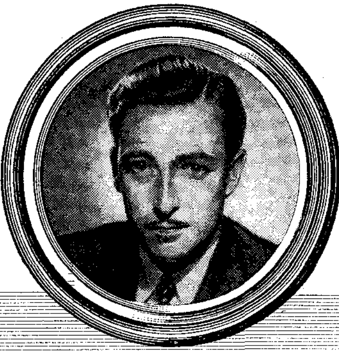

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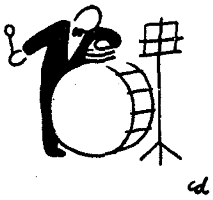
MUSICAL EVENTS

Not at the Met or Carnegie

MANHATTAN houses several opera companies, and you'll find additional opera in Brooklyn and the Bronx. On Saturday nights at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, there are performances by the Popular Opera Company, directed by Maestro Salmaggi, who is announcing "original Hippodrome prices." Last Saturday, the Popular group took on "La Forza del Destino" in what might be called the original Hippodrome manner: plenty of sturdy and effective singing by resourceful participants and energetic alertness from the conductor, who was Gabriele Simeoni. Little things went wrong, of course—clinkers, minor stage mishaps, and the like—but none of them interfered with the pleasure of the evening. The audience came to enjoy itself, and it did.



Thursday nights at the Windsor Theatre, up in the Bronx at the corner of Fordham and Kingsbridge Roads, the Creatore Grand Opera Company is in action. In spite of last Thursday's weather, there was a large gathering for a vigorous "Carmen," conducted by Giuseppe Creatore. The Windsor audience was one of the most receptive I've ever seen. Whenever the customers liked something especially—the Toreador song, for instance, or the second-act finale—they really cut loose. There was also audible approval of a protracted embrace, and errors of one sort or another were sympathetically passed over. No Bronx cheers in the Bronx when there's opera around.

I'll leave the subject of neighborhood opera with the remark that in both Brooklyn and the Bronx I saw people lined up at the box office at intermission time to buy tickets for the next week's performance and that the audiences obviously had accepted opera as an evening's entertainment.

THE latest opera outfit to open shop is the Shoestring Opera Company, Inc., which recently demonstrated its inexpensive production of "The Tales of Hoffmann" at the attractive Hunter College Playhouse. Granting that the orchestra consisted only of an organ, a piano, a few strings, and a conductor (the gifted and able Dean Dixon) and that the chorus was a select rather than a comprehensive society, you didn't notice the shoestringiness. The sets by H. A. Condell were ingenious and excellently lit, the singing of a group that included Stella Andreva of the Metropolitan was clean and clear, and the staging by the president of the company, Leopold Sachse, was keyed to the curious romanticism of the story. The English version of the libretto was intelligible and the inclusion of the entire plot helped an opera that often has seemed jerky just because the producers clipped it apparently without having read it.

Miss Andreva acted three of the four ladies who brought the miseries to Hoffmann, and Paul King, a capable young baritone, did the four men who were Hoffmann's adversaries. The essential notion of the libretto—the reappearance of the same woman in different settings—would have been even more convincing than it was had Miss Andreva added Giulietta to her assignment, though some of Giulietta's music might have been a trifle heavy for her voice. Anyhow, Miss Andreva was swell, which should have been recorded earlier.

SINCE this week's column is entirely about music that's been taking place off the usual beat, we may now logically proceed to the Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, where the League of Composers presented a concert of music by composers in the armed forces. Only one of the compositions was written after the composer's entrance into service, but the concert was a deserved bow to our soldier and sailor musicians. It also was one of the League's best showings of creative talent. There was practically none of the quonking and tootling that used to pop up at programs of modern music, and almost everything was listenable as well as recent. The composers were John Cowell, Lehman Engel, Ulysses Kay, Richard Franko Goldman, and Emil Koehler. I liked the Kay and Goldman items best, but all were worth while and all of these musicians should be tabbed for further reference.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a synopsis of "Commandos Strike at Dawn" in the Chicago Sun Parade*]

As a revolting villager, Muni escapes to England and returns, heading a Commando raid.

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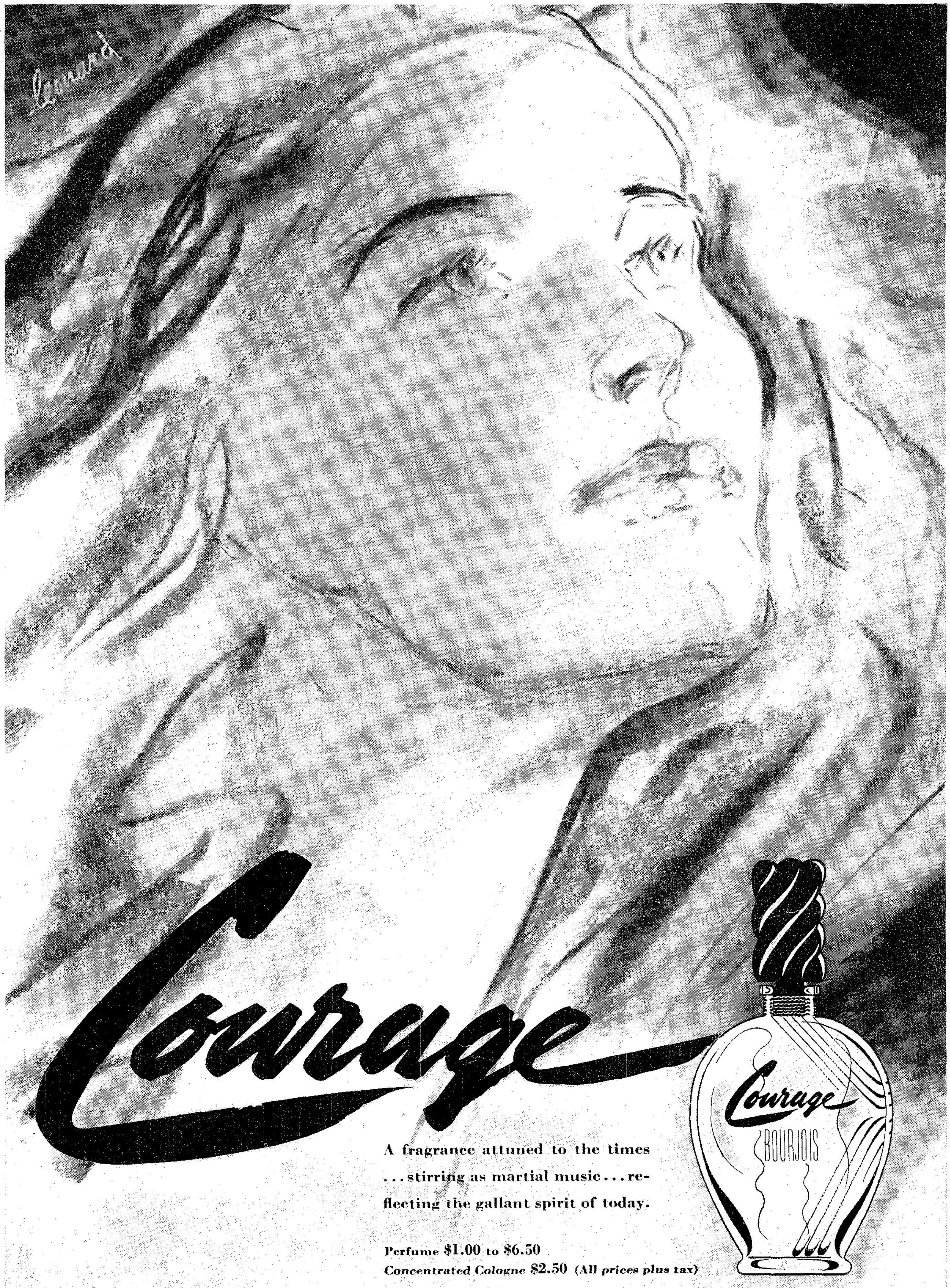
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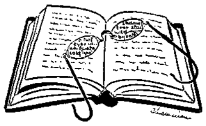
The Magician



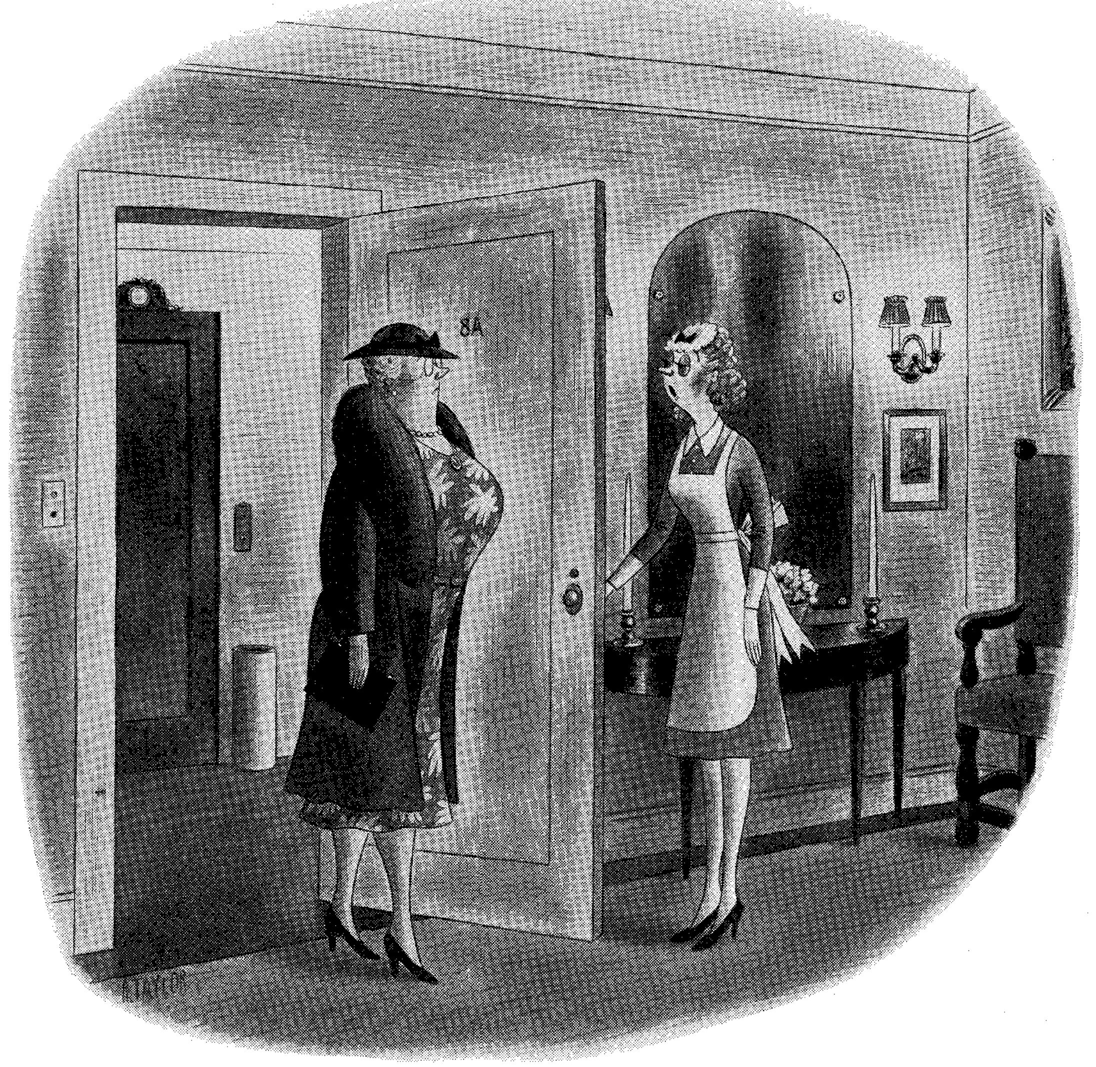
Joseph Hone, a Dubliner whose mental and physical profiles are both reminiscent of Yeats, has done a life of the greatest poet of our century—the greatest, certainly, to use the English tongue. "W. B. Yeats" is respectful; it is, one fears, highly authorized; and it brings into focus all of the outward and part of the inward incident of a long and hugely fascinating career.

Yeats was born in the year of Appomattox and died January 28, 1939, in the first year of Germany's First War Against Mankind. He died at the right time, with his magnificent poetic gift still in flower and before the war could make painfully evident the growing mystical-Fascist bent of his political "philosophy." An aristocrat like Yeats could never have conducted himself, of course, with the paranoid vulgarity of his great friend, the American traitor Ezra Pound. But toward the end his views grew increasingly anti-democratic, and it is hard to forget that his sympathy for General O'Duffy's Blueshirt Party even induced him to write three songs for the Irish Fascist movement. He later, it is true, revised them, "increasing their fantasy, their extravagance," Mr. Hone writes, "so that no party could sing them."

But Yeats and Pound are simply not in the same class. Pound is a third-rate exhibitionist who has found his true level among Mussolini's followers. Yeats was a great personality and a great artist, and his political bias seems to matter just about as much as does the anti-democratic temper of William Shakespeare. Yeats enjoyed his poses and handled them superbly, but underneath his small arrogances, underneath his silly preference for "the noble and the beggarman," even underneath that almost lifelong absorption in the occult, ran the powerful stream of his imagination. He himself drew a distinction between his "practical" and his "poetical" personality, and there is very little doubt that though he enjoyed his successive avatars as stage director, producer, politician, lecturer, Nationalist rebel, spiritualist, folklorist, senator, philosopher, and literary dean, what was true and immortal in his life came to the surface in his verse.

The curve of that verse is one of the most interesting in the history of English poetry and has been traced in these columns by a surer hand than mine, Miss Louise Bogan's. Yeats began as the simplest kind of romantic, exploiting the easy, nostalgic themes of the Celtic "renascence of wonder" and the mild decadences of the forlorn, lost-generation poets of the Yellow Nineties. But all this was mere finger exercise. In later life he looked with irritation upon admirers who raptly quoted "Innisfree" at him. His true mission, difficult to define in a phrase, was the discovery or invention of new, striking, often terrible symbols to reëxpress the polar and permanent themes of English lyric poetry—love and death.

To this end he used Irish legendry. To this end he used the curious perceptions that came to him from his superficially childish experiments with theosophy and the occult. To this end, I think it may justly be argued, he used even his somewhat vacillating and puzzling career in Irish Nationalist politics. I feel that his genius was akin to Goethe's, in the sense that he used each experience, exploited it, knowing that somehow or other, no matter how farfetched or trivial it might seem at the moment, it would find its way into the alembic of his art. He had, like Goethe, an enormous confidence in the inevitability of his own development. That confidence was justified, for, unlike the typical romantic poet, he achieved his greatest work in his late maturity and, some



"Mr. Hawthorne called, Madam. I couldn't quite make out whether he was bringing someone home or someone was bringing him home."

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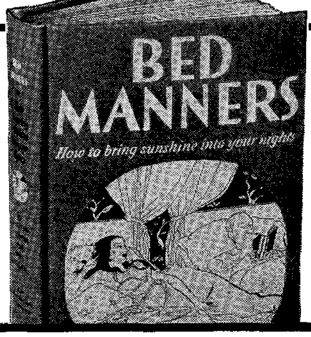
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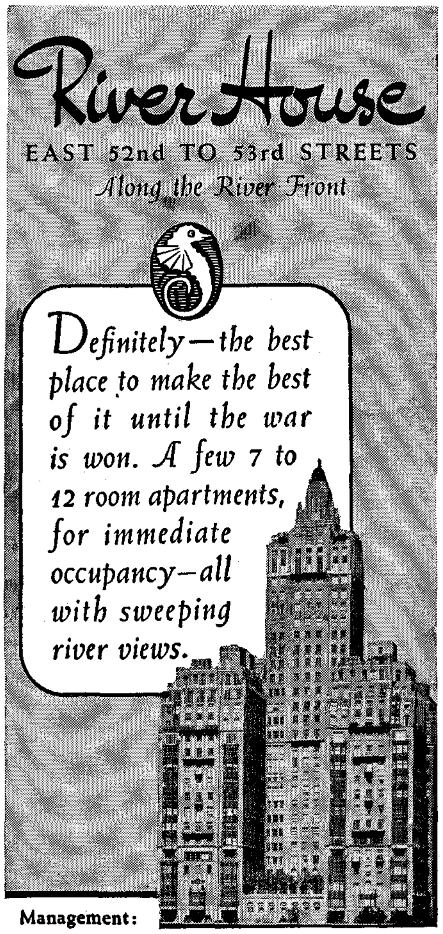
think, his old age. Like Goethe, he did not become senile; he grew profounder and more obscure, but the obscurity arose from an increment, not an enfeeblement, of imaginative power. More obscure in thought, yes, but plainer, almost to the point of brutal homeliness, in phrasing. As the years passed, he divested himself of the decorations and violin cadences of his early verse, pared his technique to the beautiful, bare bone, and faced the tragic core of life with a bitter, uncompromising, probing courage that is alien to the poetry, even the finest poetry, of standard romanticism.

Ireland claimed him and he claimed Ireland. Yet his song, rooted as it is in the sense of place, even in petty local quarrels and gossip, is supra-national, or, if not supra-national, as much English as it is Irish. It is true that without him the Abbey Theatre might never have been, and Synge and Lady Gregory and those who followed them might never have coalesced into a school. Nevertheless, as one reads Mr. Hone's faithful, rather pedestrian narrative, it is not Yeats' tangled relations with Synge or Lady Gregory, with George Moore or with that abortive Irish Joan of Arc Maud Gonne or with the Free State government, that seem to matter; it is the buried stream of his life, fountaining into strange words, that matters.

Yeats never thought well. (His wonderful father, John Butler Yeats, was the thinker of the family.) His excursions into Berkeley and Plotinus, his attempts to rebut Bertrand Russell, his gleeful infatuation with viscous Oriental mysticism are pathetic. His oracular pronouncements—"Sex and the Dead are the only things that can interest a serious mind"—seem to have meaning only when they lose their sharp, dogmatic edge in their transmutation into poetry.

Transmutation—that is Yeats. The word points to his interest in magic, in ghosts and spirits. He approached life (and it should be remembered that his was a highly active and practical life) not as a philosopher, as he so fondly believed, but as a sorcerer to whom reality is an infinite stream of interchangeable symbols. As a boy he read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and, says Mr. Hone, "it gave him his first wish to be a magician." In a sense his wish was gratified. He became a magician not through medieval delvings into hermetic nonsense but by transmuting some of the most elusive perceptions of modern man into the uncanny forms of his verse and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the curious, hieratic gestures of his ritual plays.

About the erotic element in Yeats' life—obviously, particularly in his later years, the dominant influence on his work—Mr. Hone tells little. Even the author's account of the famous near-affair with Maud Gonne is too tactful to be illuminating, and Yeats' married life has no reality in Mr. Hone's reverent pages. Perhaps later biographies will remedy these lacks. In the meantime, anyone interested in Yeats should read this useful book, well documented, sensible in judgment, and rich in detail.

In the graveyard at Drumcliffe lies the body of William Butler Yeats, and on the stone are cut the final three lines of that stoic, ghostly quatrain which was almost the last thing he wrote:

Draw rein, draw breath,
Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by!

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MEMO TO A FIRING SQUAD, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. An American newspaperman in Lisbon falls in with a group of underground conspirators out to get some top-shelf visiting Nazis who are plotting a phony peace. The underground boys not only shoot up all their Nazis but manage to bag a Vichy politician and an American Fascist millionaire for good measure. A cute little Polish killer contributes an interest of the heart. Who can say if, in Lisbon, such goings-on are as improbable as they sound?

MR. TIBBS PASSES THROUGH, by Robert Neumann. A confused and confusing story of a family of refugees from an unidentified war who settle in a village of an unnamed country. In spite of the bizarre obscurity of the narrative, the book has a strange fascination. Mr. Neumann, though, is no Kafka, and he does not write well enough to allow himself the luxury of not coming out and saying what he means.

RETURN JOURNEY, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. A young Englishwoman, finding life intolerable after the violent death of her husband, retreats into a world of intellectual fantasy. Her slow and painful return journey to reality and happiness makes the story. Mrs. Seymour writes with her usual intelligence and feeling, but in this case something seems to hap-

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pen to the cool, poised style of her opening chapters, and the novel comes to a quiet end, bogged down in prosy dialogue.

Black-out in Gretley, by J. B. Priestley. Vigorous thriller, full of healthy indignation, about a group of Fifth Columnists and saboteurs in a North Midlands industrial town, and how Humphrey Neyland, spy-catcher extraordinary, unearthed them. If Mr. Priestley's portrayal is to be read as anything more than a piece of fiction, England is apparently full of strange doings, particularly among the conservative gentry.

GENERAL

Into the Valley, by John Hersey. This is the brief story of a company of Marines boxed by mortar fire in a skirmish on Guadalcanal. Out of it the author, who was there as a *Time* correspondent, makes a terse, faithful, moving narrative good enough at its best to remind you of Stephen Crane. A condensed version has appeared in *Life*. Effective pencil sketches by Major Donald L. Dickson, U.S.M.C.

White Man's Folly, by Vanya Oakes. An alert reporter who covered the Far East for ten years, beginning in 1932, reminisces about the surface tensions and the deep currents of that era as she saw them. She believes that our business-as-usual policy on the other side of the world was a piece of see-no-evil blindness that cost us the business, the raw materials we needed, and the respect of the Eastern peoples. Rambling in spots, but intelligent too, and its impressions of events and people are entertaining.

Flight from Terror, by Otto Strasser, in collaboration with Michael Stern. Autobiography of Otto Strasser, a prominent worker in the early Nazi Party who split with Hitler, organized the underground Black Front, and was subsequently hounded through Europe by the Gestapo. He is now in Canada. Somewhat lurid and overdrawn, but seasoned with fresh material and interpretation. Those who remember Herr Strasser's earlier book may conclude that once a Nazi, always a Nazi.

•

"I believe we can expect more serious rationing in 1943 and 1944." shrdlu ashrdl ashrdl uashrdl auaa
—*The Times.*

Well, don't stand there gibbering.

For those precious LEISURE MOMENTS
What better way to spend an idle evening hour than with good companionship, a good fire and a cheering drink made with Myers's—the *dark* Jamaica Rum? For wealth of flavour—
The Rum Must be MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
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Flashlite has strongbeam—suitable for reading theatre programs—black-outs, etc.

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The silliest, most irresistible lapel foolery yet. Pull his tail, and his eyes light up and wink—yes, they do! He's all HAND MADE of leather with fancy trappings of gold and chains and yarn, with a pin for parking him on your purse or lapel. Comes in red or green, or black, with the battery. $2.00 postpaid.
Send check, cash or M. O. Sorry, no C. O. D.'s.
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Apples won fame in folklore and legend. Today, apples win great acclaim as delicious VB Old Fashioned Apple Sauce.
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Regain Lost Vigor IN THE DRY, SUNNY PIKES PEAK REGION
Rest and relax...play outdoors in golden sunshine at the Broadmoor, in the shadow of Pikes Peak.
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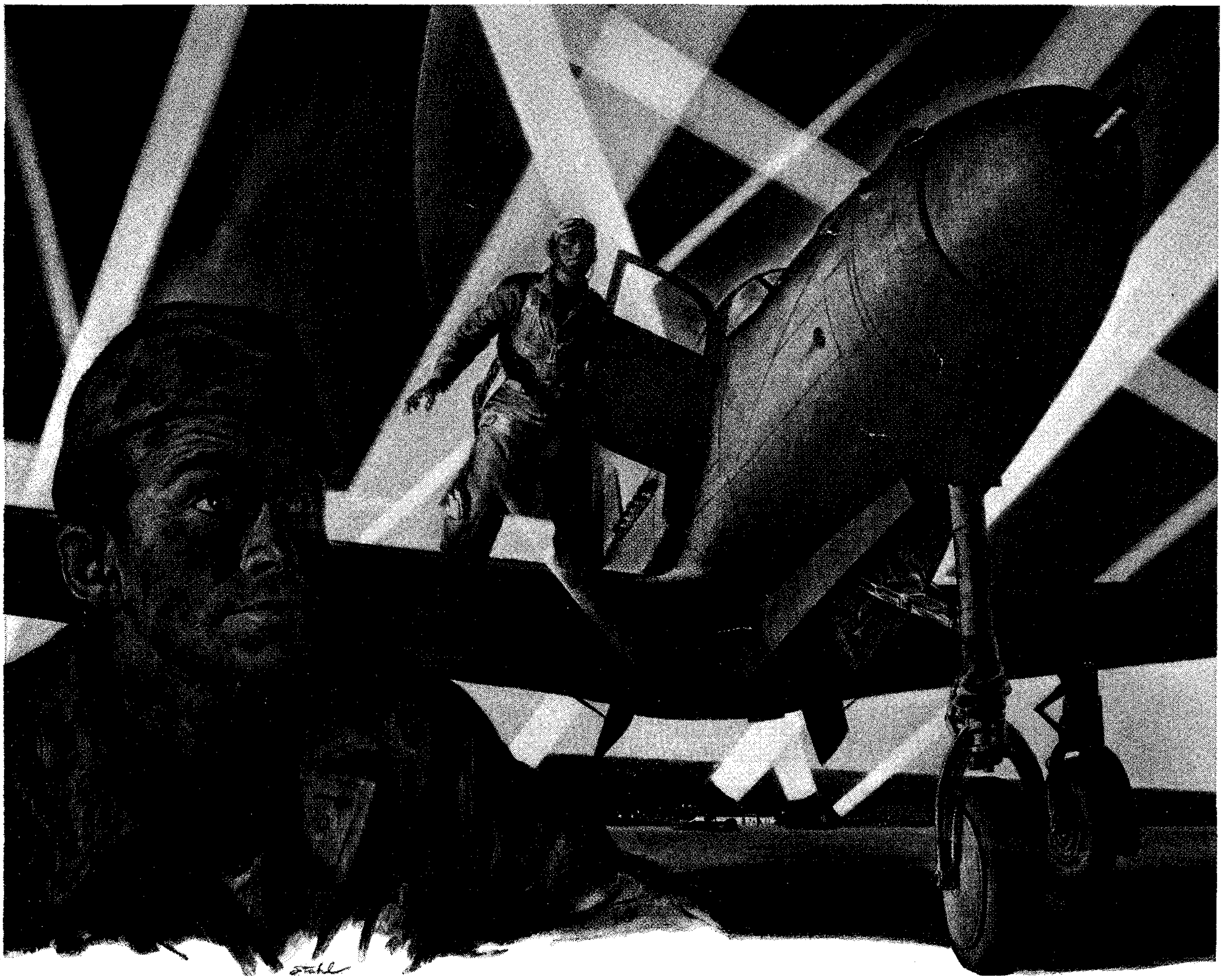
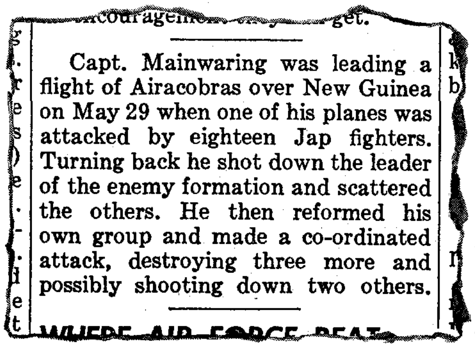


Tonight's lesson for Japs

. . . subtracting Zeros

A great guy takes off, and a headline is in the making . . . a headline about courage and spunk and Army Bell Airacobras that help him shatter Jap Zeros into "kingdom come." From General MacArthur's Headquarters, Australia, October 12th (A. P.) comes news of the citation for "gallantry in action" of this Army Pilot:



Capt. Mainwaring was leading a flight of Airacobras over New Guinea on May 29 when one of his planes was attacked by eighteen Jap fighters. Turning back he shot down the leader of the enemy formation and scattered the others. He then reformed his own group and made a co-ordinated attack, destroying three more and possibly shooting down two others.

Under control of the Airacobra pilot is one of the world's hardest-hitting fastest-moving one man arsenals. Forward is a powerful cannon. Flanking him are heavy machine guns. Around him is protective armor and behind him is an outstanding record of Airacobra success in combat.

The day is coming when Allied Victory will end this war. An advanced world of air-borne commerce will follow. Then, all of our engineering skill and resources will turn from the needs of war to building planes for the needs of Peace. © Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo, New York.

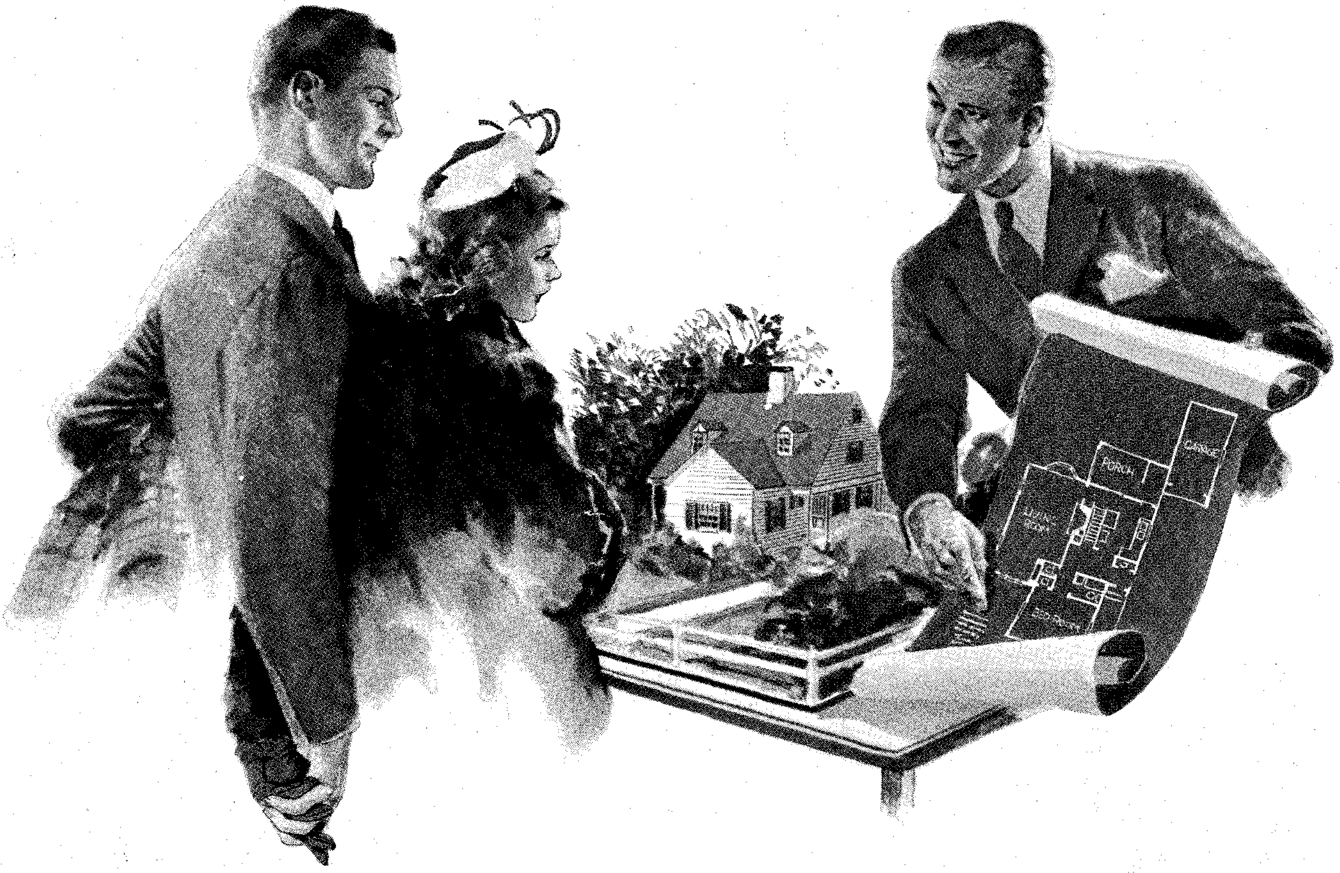
Airacobras for victory—

FUTURE PLANES FOR PEACE

BELL *Aircraft*

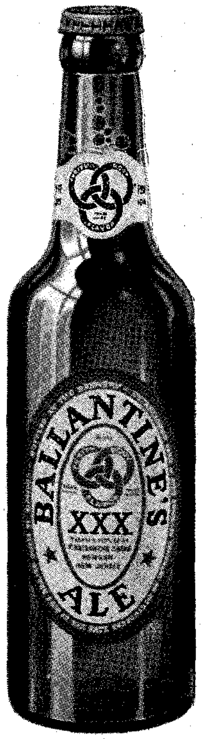
PACEMAKER OF AVIATION PROGRESS

*How **American** it is*... to want something better!



THE HOME YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT—the colors you're going to have in the kitchen and what is going to grow in place of the weeds in that flower bed—maybe the war has made you *postpone* it, but how *American* it is to plan, to search for, to *want* "something better," all our lives. It keeps us young, perhaps, and certainly keeps us awake and alert, this constant *habit* of wanting better things!

WHEN IT CAME TO PICKING AN *ALE*, America followed its "something better" habit. And the ale that turned out to have this "something better"—to live up to the "Purity," "Body," "Flavor" of its now-famous 3-ring trade mark quite *naturally* became...



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To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

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